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## THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

**A**CTUATED, no doubt, by a nice feeling for the harmonious, the Government seem disposed to remind us in all their proceedings that the Session just opening is an extraordinary one. Their QUEEN'S Speech, for instance, is, in its way, a curiosity—singular in what it contains, as in what it omits; singular even where special singularity in such documents is difficult—namely, in the character of its English. If Ministers had met Parliament with a mere formal announcement from HER MAJESTY of the purpose for which it had been summoned, that would have been an intelligible course of one kind. If, on the other hand, they had opened the Session with a Speech from the Throne after the usual pattern, with separate references to every important pending question of foreign or Colonial politics, and a detailed programme of intended domestic legislation, that, again, would have been an intelligible course of another kind. But why Ministers should have framed a Royal form of Speech which combines the inconveniences of both these courses with the advantage of neither, which is too short to be interesting, yet not too short to be controversial, which contains nothing to please anybody, and something to provoke everybody—this is indeed their own secret, and one which perhaps they will carry with them to what may perhaps be a now not distant political grave. No doubt with the financial necessities pressing upon them the Government were bound to introduce a reference to Egypt; but it need only have been of the shortest, and certainly need not have been accompanied by the grotesquely worded and highly disputable paragraph relating to General GORDON, nor followed by the still more infelicitous allusion to the humiliating situation in the Transvaal. Thus to invite debate upon questions which it would take many nights of debate to exhaust appears a strange way of commencing a Session which is understood to be held for the purpose of rushing a particular measure through the House of Commons with all possible despatch, in order to send it up at the earliest moment to the House of Lords. The authors of the Royal Speech, in fact, would seem to have been unable to make up their minds whether the deliberations of Parliament are to last for six weeks only or to be prolonged for ten months. There is enough in what it contains to suggest the latter theory, and enough also in what it omits to give colour to the former.

The net result, however, of insertions and omissions is that the Government have produced a document of an almost uniquely damaging character to themselves; one so damaging, indeed, that their own friends find a difficulty in handling it without doing some mischief to those responsible for its composition. Reflective critics of the two quasi-ceremonial speeches with which a debate on the Address is opened must often have been struck with the peculiarly attractive opening which they offer to any speaker fairly equipped with powers of irony and innuendo. No doubt it would be a most indecorous and even treacherous thing for a mover of the Address to use his opportunities in the spirit of Mrs. CANDOUR, and under the guise of consolation and counsel offered to the Government to convey malicious hints and make discrediting admissions. Were the Government so treated a Liberal one, it would be positively wicked to play any trick of the kind; and we would not, therefore, for a moment suggest that Mr. STAFFORD HOWARD is capable of it. We much prefer to believe that his candour was the genuine article, and not that variety of

it which was affected by SHERIDAN's immortal matron. We do not in the least doubt that the informing spirit of his speech was neither more nor less than an invincible love of plain-speaking; and, indeed, as critics of the Government, we naturally prefer this theory of Mr. HOWARD's utterances. For it amounts to a demonstration that the state of the various matters which Ministers have thought it necessary to mention to Parliament is such as to make it impossible for an honest Ministerialist to describe them without gloss or misrepresentation, and, at the same time, without appearing in the character of a most severe censor of the policy and past conduct of his political leaders. Certainly no such censor on the Opposition side of the House need have looked further for his materials than the contents of Mr. HOWARD's speech. Does the information from the Soudan "include painful uncertainties"?—whatever may be meant by information "including" that which is the negation of itself. Yes, says Mr. HOWARD, in effect it undoubtedly does; and he proceeds frankly to point out that there is hardly a single point in the situation, from the question of the probable success of General GORDON's mission to that of the fate of Colonel STEWART, which is not at this moment a matter of painful uncertainty. Have the Government nothing but cold comfort to give Parliament on the general subject of Egyptian affairs? No, says Mr. HOWARD in effect, they have nothing but cold comfort. Their difficulties in Egypt are "enormous"; the "support" which they boast of having given to the country under its financial embarrassment is simply the advice to commit an act of partial repudiation. Their task is not one to be performed "in a moment" (nor even, it would seem, to be begun within all the moments which go to make up a couple of years), but "if they can succeed in restoring "order and good government in that country"—which, by implication, they have at present failed to do—"and in "establishing a feeling of good-will towards ourselves "in the minds of the people of that country"—who at present, by implication, entertain nothing but ill-will towards their so-called deliverers—why in that case "there would "be some recompense for the trouble and expense that had "been imposed upon us with respect to Egypt." Trouble and expense, certain; recompense, hypothetical; that is the best that a Ministerialist could say for the Ministry on that matter. As for South Africa, the best that he could say for them there was in effect that, if the honour of the country is to be upheld and its interests protected, it can only be by a course of policy diametrically opposed to that which the Government have pursued in South Africa ever since the battle of Majuba Hill—that is to say, by dealing with those Boer pretensions, which have been hitherto opposed without anything approaching either to firmness or steadiness, "not "only with a firm but a steady hand."

So much for the outlook, and the retrospect in the matters of foreign and Colonial affairs, as surveyed by a single-minded supporter of HER MAJESTY'S Government. As regards the domestic question which Parliament has been summoned to settle, it would be better to let the head of that Government speak for himself. Upon the "No surrender" declarations of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech last Thursday night we need not expend much comment. It may or may not be that they are as unalterable in fact as they are resolute in word; but, inasmuch as Ministers, if they contemplated striking their colours tomorrow, would nevertheless have been sure to nail them to the mast to-day, it is hardly profitable to discuss this point

at present. What is better worth notice is the fact that Mr GLADSTONE still thinks it politically expedient and constitutionally becoming to resort once more to the tactics of intimidation as a means of breaking down the resistance of the House of Lords. He is, however, still anxious, it seems, to sustain the reputation of the mildest-mannered captain of revolutionary pirates who ever threatened to scuttle a Constitution or cut the throat of a venerable legislative Assembly. He complimented Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on the extreme gentleness of his tone, and averred his own intention of imitating it. And so, to be sure, he did. His speech was full of the gentleness of MARRYAT's famous boatswain, marked with all that officer's courtesy of exordium, and with much the same vigour of imprecation peroration. The House of Lords were, in short, requested to allow Mr. GLADSTONE to "observe in the most delicate manner "in the world" that, if they refused a second time to pass the Franchise Bill, it would be the worse for them. The PRIME MINISTER has "laboured hard," he has "hoped against hope"—how strangely the very form of the phrases recalls CROMWELL's memorable wrestlings!—to "confine the controversy within its present limits," and, notwithstanding that he despairs of success, he will persevere in these patriotic efforts. But if they fail, as he expects them to fail, then he will be reluctantly compelled to consent to the raising of the "question of organic change in the Constitution of the country." This, of course, is merely the substance of the "beware-of-entrance-into-a-quarrel" speech of last Session, only couched in more definite and unmistakable language. Its repetition after the outdoor experience of the last two months is significant in many ways—as significant as Mr. GLADSTONE's unfeigned surprise at the cry of "Why not?" with which a voice from the Opposition benches replied to the suggestion of "raising the question of organic change in the Constitution of the country." If the PRIME MINISTER's threat should ever have to be carried out, the meaning of the "Why not?" may, perhaps, become clearer to him than it seems to be at present.

#### THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE AGITATION.

THE meeting of Parliament, after a summer more agitated by political discussion than any within recent memory, for an Autumn Session—the second within three years, and necessitated also for the second time within three years by no sudden or national occasion, but by the determination of the Government to gain party ends—could hardly be otherwise than a notable event. It is not made less notable by the abundance of platform discussion which has preceded it. Nothing new, it may be pretty certainly affirmed, will be added in Parliament to the arguments which have been already advanced, but it is by no means so certain that no effect will have been produced on Parliament by the discussion. Its abundance, however, and the ephemeral character of its records, make it not undesirable to point out what has been the actual result of the "flood of talk" which has occupied the past three months, and which many of those who have been most ready to sneer at it have not been least ready to swell. It has had very decided results, and the more clearly those results are disengaged and set before the public the more momentous are they likely to be. It is only by contrasting the relative positions of the two parties to the discussion, as they were early in August and as they are late in October, that the direction of the national temper can be estimated, and (subject of course to contingencies) the further tendency of that temper foretold.

It is, in the first place, noticeable that the attitude of the defenders of constitutional practice is quite unchanged. They objected three months ago to the passing of half a Reform Bill with the other half unknown, and they object in exactly the same way to exactly the same thing now. Their reasons have been diversely put and illustrated during the discussion; but they have never varied in essence. That the possibility of an election on the new register with the old constituencies is and must be a national danger, is their first point; that it is capable of being made a party instrument for the attainment of party advantage is their second; that Redistribution is a thing not to be undertaken lightly, or under compulsion of any kind, is their third. In all the speeches made on the subject by members of the Cabinet and the Ministerial party, these points have been not so much attacked without success as practically declined. From Mr. GLADSTONE downward every Government apologist has confessed by avoidance the

impregnableness of the anti-Ministerialist position. By abuse of the House of Lords; by misrepresentation of the means which the House of Lords has taken; by attempts to show that the Government, though it certainly might attempt to take advantage of the separation, is far too good a Government to do any such thing; by insinuations that the willingness of the Peers to pass a fair Reform Bill is only affected; but most of all by abuse and misrepresentation, misrepresentation and abuse, the Government orators and the Government writers have tried to mask their inability to attack the cardinal points of their opponents' position. The expertest of the skilled labourers in tergiversation and equivocation that Mr. GLADSTONE's party counts within its ranks may be challenged to show a single passage in any Ministerial speech, in any Ministerial article, making the slightest logical or even rhetorical fight for the positions that the separation of the Bills is a good thing in itself, that election on the new register with the old constituencies would give any tolerable representation of the country, or that the imminence of such an election at the will and pleasure of the Government is a favourable or suitable condition for the discussion of the most important and the most difficult part of the work of reform. They can show no such attempt; they have made no such attempt. All the fury and all the froth of their discourse has purposely or not purposely spent itself on different and, for the most part, quite irrelevant matters. Even in the recent and somewhat frivolous discussions of the details of an unauthentic plan the Government partisans have been unable to conceal or to mask the simple fact that, whether this plan is unfair or that plan, it is impossible to pronounce on its fairness or unfairness till it appears in an authentic form.

But when, instead of looking at the Government as the attacking party, and the Opposition and its allies as defenders, the point of view is reversed, a very different state of things is seen. Not only have the Radical party not maintained the position they took up, but they have been driven from it in, at least, two of its most important points. The loudest cries of the Ministerialist party at the opening of the struggle were that resistance to separate enfranchisement was a mere crotchet of a handful of reactionary Peers, and that no compromise, no change in the Government plan, could be thought of for a moment. The first contention has been abandoned utterly. The great meetings which a party by no means given to great meetings has been easily able to assemble in all parts of the kingdom in enthusiastic support of the action of the Upper House proved nothing logically in favour of that action; but they annihilated the contention that it was unpopular or anti-popular. That contention has finally ceased to be put forward since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's friends, by organizing the mobbing of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, showed their appreciation of the rights of public meeting. With a sufficient command of roughs, it is easy to prove that your adversaries cannot meet by not allowing them to do so. The Birmingham rowdies settled that part of the question, and it was superfluous as well as rude to repeat the settlement at Dumfries for Lord SALISBURY's benefit. But it is even more remarkable that the cry of compromise, silent in the Liberal ranks three months ago, timid and at once silenced two months ago, has become loud and not to be put down. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's too zealous allies have had something to do with this likewise; for all but the most recent and robust converts to Radicalism seem to have felt uncomfortable in the consciousness of such associates. But they have only been partly the cause of the change. The constant failure of Government speakers to produce a rag or shred of reason for their departure from constitutional practice except the purely party motive announced, with memorable simplicity, by Mr. GLADSTONE at the Foreign Office meeting, has been much more effective. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's singular declaration of a religious crusade against the Church of England may have had something to do with it; the expostulation of neutrals, of moderate Government men like the Duke of ARGYLL, something more. But it would be a very bad compliment to the common sense of the English nation not to allow most weight to the reflection which every man of common sense not blinded by partisanship must have put to himself—"If the Government scheme is fair, why not produce it? If it is unfair, what is the justice of this pother about the House of Lords?" There is, of course, nothing novel about this. It summed up the whole matter months ago, and it sums it up now. But in all the talk of the last quarter of a year



Englishmen must have seen that Ministers cannot or will not meet it, and when Ministers cannot or will not meet a dilemma suggested by plain common sense, Englishmen are at least as ready as other nations to draw the obvious inference. No mysterious political experience, no fine-spun reasonings, no private intelligence are needed to attain this point of political wisdom. It is the point of view of the average plain man, and unless the average plain man can be blinded by gusts of passion or fogs of misrepresentation, he is sure to come round to it sooner or later. Every attempt has been made to get up the gusts and spread the fogs from Mr. GLADSTONE's elaborate doctrines as to the constitutional rights of the Peers to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's pathetic declaration that he never will desert dissidence or withhold his assent from Dissent. But the attempt has not succeeded; and, whether the fidelity of Ministerial members of the Lower House proves impervious to the popular change of feeling or not, that change in reference to the two points referred to is unmistakable. When the House of Commons rose it heard shouts, broken by but a few voices of dissent, that the nation was with its majority, and that there must be no surrender. It has met again, and the shouts on the first head are nearly silent, while on the second they are replaced by cries that a decent compromise is at any rate preferable to "thorough" after the fashion of Mr. SCHNADHORST, and that it is perhaps better to go deliberately about extending the franchise than to hand over the organization of opinion to the bludgeons of the Birmingham Caucus and the stone-throwing of the Dumfries roughs.

#### COLONIAL DEFENCES.

THE correspondence among three or four Government departments on Colonial defences will be read with interest, not unmixed with amusement, by foreigners who may possibly be our enemies hereafter. In any other country in the world the matter would have been discussed in the strictest secrecy, by authorities who, if they differed among themselves, would nevertheless ostensibly act as a unit. Neither France nor Germany would publish an opinion that the defence of a commercial post was not an indispensable duty of the Government; or a statement that a fortress was in urgent need of additional works, but that the Treasury was at present not ready to provide funds for the purpose. The opposite practice of England has been so long established that it ceases to excite surprise at home or abroad; and some astute politicians think that a simplicity so ostentatious must conceal some profound design. Under the present Government, even the most moderate effort to protect vital interests will be welcomed as an unexpected condescension to patriotic prejudice. The Treasury itself on this occasion practically admits that the Reports of two or three Commissions and Committees deserve attention when they are professionally confirmed by the Inspector-General of Fortifications. The War Office, the India Office, and the Colonial Office had already concurred, with little modification, in the conclusions of the Report. A suggestion that the Government should in some places provide the armament of works to be constructed by the local community is evidently acceptable to the Treasury. As the proper officer of the department complacently remarks, it will not be necessary to provide the guns before the works are completed. Another petty saving, or delay of liability, is not less to the taste of the vigilant guardians of the public purse. The Indian Treasury will, in the first instance, advance all the money required for the defence of Aden, so that it will not be necessary to take a vote for the purpose during the present year.

When the American orator described the tap of the British drum as going round the world, the colonies and fortresses and harbours which provoked his eloquent hyperbole were results of a century of successful maritime war. The long chain of possessions had excited the regretful envy of NAPOLEON at St. Helena, and he sometimes blamed the Government which had made peace after his fall for not completing the circuit. Since that time Aden has formed a new stage on the road to India, and one or two insignificant settlements on the coast of Australia have expanded into a great and growing dominion. On the other hand, the Ionian Islands and the great fortress of Corfu have been abandoned, and Java had, at the peace, been restored to Holland. The other outlying dependencies remain, and many of them have acquired a special utility which could

not have been foreseen. It is no longer thought advantageous to retain or to guarantee to any colony a monopoly of trade. The sugar islands, which were conquered at different times, now add little to the wealth of the Empire, but convenient harbours, secure from hostile interference, have become indispensable. The magnificent ports of Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden derive perhaps their principal value from the protection which their works afford to the coals which are kept in the harbours. Other supplies can be carried on board, or procured in various markets; but without the means of replenishing their stores of coal modern ships of war would be almost helpless. A smaller number of fortified harbours would perhaps be sufficient to provide the means of refitting ships. It is as coaling stations that the military posts in the West Indies, in the Mediterranean, in India, and in the further East are primarily valuable.

One of the most important positions which are to be furnished with additional defences is the fortress of Aden. The Inspector-General enumerates the points which require protecting, one of which contains the condensers which supply fresh water for the use of the garrison. His proposal here, as elsewhere, is "based on the principle that sudden attacks would only be made by comparatively small squadrons," and it is only to provide against such attacks that the proposed defences have been calculated. It is assumed that due warning would be given of more serious danger, and that "the support of the British fleet" might be counted on. The peculiar position of Aden involves the danger of more than a sudden attack. It is not improbable that in time of war the north-western entrance to the Canal might be occupied by an enemy, so that a Mediterranean fleet would not be able to relieve Aden. It may be doubted whether in other cases it is safe to reckon on the aid of a fleet which would be largely occupied in protecting commerce. The most important fortresses ought to give rather than to receive protection. It is, after much doubt and controversy, now agreed that the most powerful naval artillery fails to make ships a match for masonry and earthworks; and it is cheaper to construct impregnable fortifications than to run the risk of equal conflicts among ironclads. It must be admitted that some practical expositions of international law increase the probability of sudden surprises. The French have now fought at least a dozen engagements with the Chinese without acknowledging a state of war, and they have more than once threatened a blockade which in time of peace would be a direct violation of recognized principles. It may be hoped that no English governor of a fort will imitate the credulous confidence of the Chinese in allowing the fleet of a future enemy to occupy a position in time of peace which will enable him to take the defences in reverse. The Inspector-General's estimates seem not to include submarine mines, which, as he nevertheless remarks, would in most cases form an integral part of the defences. The expenditure for such purposes would perhaps be provided as the works were required, without application to Parliament for a special appropriation. Mines and torpedoes have undoubtedly given defence a new advantage over attack.

LORD DERBY and LORD HARTINGTON agree on an arrangement with reference to the Cape which they may, perhaps, have occasion to reconsider. The defences of Simon's Bay, which is used as a station by ships of war, are to be undertaken at the cost of the Imperial Treasury; but the Cape Government will be able to provide protection for Table Bay, which is principally used for commercial purposes. The Ministers and Legislature of the Cape have not shown themselves accommodating in other matters; and, perhaps, they may reply that the shipping which frequents Table Bay is principally English, and that the protection of trade in time of war properly devolves on the mother-country. If the colony refuses to contribute, perhaps the commercial harbour may for the present remain unprotected; but LORD DERBY would do well to consider Mr. FORSTER's recent warning that the indispensable military and naval station at the Cape would be exposed to the gravest risk if it were detached from the territory to which it belongs. Any European Power which might acquire possession of the present colony would be certain to claim the naval and military stations as a part of an inseparable sovereignty. The pretence would be rendered more plausible if the harbour of Table Bay had been left without defence. A less difficult question will arise in Ceylon, where Trincomalee is to be made safe at the expense of the English Government, while the local Legislature is to use its discretion in

providing Colombo with defences or leaving it open. At Hongkong, which is, perhaps, more urgently in need of defence than any other station, the same course is to be followed. The advantage to residents and traders will be so obvious that some contribution from the colony may be reasonably expected. At Singapore the Inspector-General proposes only to secure the new harbour, and to "deny" the man-of-war anchorage to an enemy. Here, also, and at Mauritius, it is intended that the expenses shall be divided.

The whole amount which is to be expended from Imperial or Colonial funds is about 900,000*l.*, and, if the local contributions are forthcoming, the English Government will spend less than half a million. It has been naturally and justly remarked that a smaller premium for insurance against incalculable risks could scarcely have been required. When it becomes necessary to take a vote for the outlay the most pedantic of economists will scarcely venture to raise an objection to so obviously judicious an outlay. The short statements which are appended by the Inspector of Fortifications to the successive items in the estimate might be quoted as illustrations of the magnitude and complexity of the Empire. Trincomalee is the "rendezvous and base for our fleets and ships in the Indian Ocean." Singapore "opens to our commerce the Straits of Malacca and the highway from India to the further East and Australia." Hongkong is "under existing circumstances the most open to attack of all our important coaling stations." Jamaica "is the centre of British interests in the West Indies," and it will acquire additional importance if a canal across the Isthmus of Panama is completed. To secure all these stations a million will be cheaply expended, and it may be added that a saving of less than half the amount will be of doubtful advantage if it involves an angry controversy with three or four colonies.

#### FRANCE.

**M.** FERRY must unquestionably have learnt one thing since the Chambers met. He has had occasion to see how wise it is to choose your hearer carefully before making confessions of a compromising character. The Chambers may be trusted to meet the chief of the present Ministry half way in many things. They will postpone Egypt and burke Tonquin. The Premier can do very much what he finds convenient with the Senate Electoral Bill, and may perhaps rely on the Chambers to rest satisfied with vague generalities on the tender subject of finance; but what he must not do is to trust the members of a Budget Committee to preserve silence about things which have been said to them in strict confidence. Last week **M.** FERRY, feeling that he was among friends, let the cat out of the bag to the members of the Committee in full security that he would be allowed to tie it up again before leaving the room. He told them that fresh taxes must be imposed to balance the Budget, but not till 1886. For the present the Ministry must make shift to get along with any expedient which may offer, and for a very excellent reason. A general election is coming on in 1885, and it would never do to go to the country just after asking for more money. This is so distinctly one of those truths which it is well to recognize, but unwise to announce from the housetops, that a much less prudent man than **M.** FERRY would never have ventured to put it into words unless he had felt himself among friends. He calculated very excusably that the other augurs might be trusted. Unfortunately some member of the Committee seems to have thought this illustration of the arts of Parliamentary government too precious to be lost, and it was soon all over Paris. **M.** FERRY has accordingly found himself in the awkward position of a **MACHIAVELLI** artless enough to show his hand, and his proposed gulls have been put on their guard. In future he will remember to take care that nobody has it in his power to blow the gaff, if we may venture on a cant phrase which seems not inappropriate to the occasion. The worst of it is for **M.** FERRY that this disagreeable incident makes it distinctly more probable than it was a fortnight ago that for him there may be no Ministerial future to be wiser in.

Whatever the fates may do with **M.** FERRY, it is tolerably obvious that they will not spare France the threatened new taxes. After some six years of bad finance, bad seasons, and all kinds of costly adventures at home and abroad, the call has become a matter of certainty. The taxpayers have only to bethink themselves how they are to find the money. On that point there is no apparent doubt in their minds.

Since they must pay more, they are determined to have the money to pay with, and they are very generally asking for Protection to afford them the necessary supply. Corn-growers, cattle-breeders, cotton-weavers, silk-makers, and wine-growers are pressing in upon **M.** FERRY, loudly calling for protection against all the world and one another. For the moment they are kept at bay by a few concessions and a great deal of commonplace. A Cattle Bill has been introduced to please the farmers. It will unquestionably raise the price of food, and have this result, among others, that numbers of town workmen will have to be content with eating meat once a week, instead of twice, which has hitherto been their allowance. But a Government supported by the peasantry can afford to impose patriotic sacrifices on the town workmen. **M.** FERRY is naturally making the most of this thoughtful piece of legislation. He shows it to the wine-growers as a proof that the agricultural interests of France are not being neglected, and brings it forward to the manufacturers as a trustworthy sign that the Ministry will work for the good of everybody. For the rest he is lavish of generalities. He asks the deputations to reflect on the nature of Protection; to be careful not to insist on the naked article; but to confine themselves to agitating for a wise Protection. With more discretion than he showed in the Budget Committee, **M.** FERRY abstains from defining what he means by this phrase—leaving it to be understood that it is something which will raise the price paid to the manufacturer without increasing the cost to the consumer. With infinite prudence he asks the manufacturers themselves to find this wonderful middle path. Rhetoric of this kind can hardly serve **M.** FERRY's turn long. The various interests which know from sad experience that times are hard, and have just seen that Government has done something for the cattle-breeders, will not unnaturally insist on a little Bill all round. They must be more or less than men of business if they sit down quietly to hunt for economic black tulips to please their Premier. The wine-growers have already asked for a duty on foreign light wines, and are scarcely likely to rest till something is done to reimburse them for the heavy loss caused by the phylloxera. In this case the difficulty of the Ministry will probably not prove considerable. French vineyards produce so much more good light wine than any others that as they revive they will be easily able to defy foreign competition. Even if a duty is imposed, native competition will serve to keep down prices. It is from the manufacturers that trouble is most likely to arise, for their notion of Protection is such as to set them fighting one another quite as much as the foreigner. Two of the great industries are already engaged in a fight which is eminently calculated to delight every Free-trader. The silk-makers of Lyons find that mixed goods sell best, and to make them they need yarns which can be most cheaply obtained in Great Britain. They, therefore, asked and got a remission of the duty formerly charged on these goods to enable them to make their mixed silks at a lower price. This by no means suits the cotton-spinners of the North, who make yarns. They find their market spoilt, and are clamouring to have the duty imposed again. A very pretty quarrel has arisen on the issue. Lyons says that it will starve if it cannot get cheap yarns. The towns in the North insist that ruin stares them in the face if they are not allowed to force Lyons to buy their dear and inferior yarns. Each party is firmly convinced that it is for the greater good of France that the other should suffer. Nobody seems to think that the people who wish to buy cheap mixed silks have any voice in the matter.

This wrangle is a good example of what may be expected to happen all over France if the present revival of protectionist feeling is carried further. Many other articles are in the same complex position as yarns. They are manufactured goods in some industries and raw material in others. From the moment that **M.** FERRY entered on a policy of Protection for the benefit of cattle-breeders he committed himself to the task of finding some means of reconciling these direct opposites. As the Session goes on he will find it harder and harder, and he will be daily less able to shirk trying to fulfil his vague promises by recommending deputations to lay their heads together and hit out some scheme of wise Protection. From the merely political point of view it cannot greatly matter to **M.** FERRY whether the Protectionists win, or are beaten by the Free-traders, or destroy one another. In any case his Administration has failed to secure prosperity, and it must infallibly offend still further if it lives by increasing taxation.



The French may end by seeing that it will not improve business to raise the cost of living for everybody, and that they are no better off because a little more money goes into one pocket if more goes out of the other at the same time. Free-trade and the country will gain by these reflections, if they come; but it is highly doubtful whether the Ministry will profit by them. The fact will always remain that taxes, both national and municipal, are getting heavier, and that their weight is a terrible burden on French industry. All the blame for this state of things which does not fall on M. FERRY's Ministry will come upon what we are bound to suppose is dearer to him than his own political prosperity, and that is the whole Republican Government. The approaching new taxation will certainly be partly due to the colonial adventures of the last two years; but it has been still more made necessary by the absurd extravagance which came into fashion long before M. FERRY was Minister. Millions have been lavished on unremunerative public works, and every fad of a Radical Town Council has left its permanent traces in the shape of an increase in the octroi. The immediate cause of expense can be removed by getting rid of M. FERRY, and the mass of the Republicans may prove quite equal to the measure. Behind that expedient, however, lies the further and drastic resource of getting rid of the Republicans. There is no want of politicians ready to advise the step, and the course of things lately has tended to supply them with followers.

#### EGYPT.

TWO important announcements have been made this week with regard to Egyptian affairs. The counsel for the Egyptian Government in the suit which has been brought to test the legality of the suspension of the Sinking Fund has applied and received a month's adjournment of the case. As even Mr. GLADSTONE would hardly think of veiling procrastination pure and simple by such a proceeding, it is reasonable to suppose that something definite is to be done in regard to Egyptian finance before the expiration of the delay. Further, that delay coincides almost exactly with the period named by M. FERRY in his reply deferring answer to an interpellation on the subject. These signs, agreeing as they do together, serve as details of fact to confirm the inferences of general probability drawn from Lord NORTHBROOK's approaching departure, and from the fact that Parliament has assembled with, to say the least, a determination on the part of some of its members not to be fooled in the autumn as they were fooled in the summer if they can help it. The marvellous patience with which Englishmen and foreigners, Liberals and Conservatives, have hitherto treated the inaction of the present Government can hardly but have some term; and Mr. GLADSTONE is in all probability conscious that, if he is to clear the rocks ahead of him, he must lighten his ship and get rid of his top hamper. He has done this in one very questionable fashion by politely showing Mr. TREVELYAN the door, if only the door leading upstairs, to please the Irish; the small fraction of absolute non-interventionists are not powerful enough to induce him to do it in an equally or more questionable fashion in Egypt; while the large section of Liberals who can just tolerate the Franchise Bill, on condition that Egyptian affairs shall no longer be bungled, are quite powerful enough to induce him to do it in a better.

The curious letter (written in rather bad taste, but with a lively pen and a sharp eye for facts) which earned for "A Twenty Years' Resident in Egypt" the honour of large type in Tuesday's *Times*, contains a striking picture of the actual state of affairs, but seems to make the mistake of sticking at names. The writer has been told by a prominent Liberal politician (which may mean anything, from a man of the calibre of Mr. GOSCHEN to a man of the calibre of Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD) that "the Liberal party and the country will not hear of annexation." He shows that what is going on is practical annexation, hindered, made costly, and made absurd by coy refusal to annex; and he is apparently indignant because the word is not pronounced. He is right in his facts, but wrong in his inference. It is not the refusal to pronounce the word annexation that is ruining Egypt and making England a laughing-stock. For our parts we have no desire that Egypt should be annexed. That would be a very wanton and unjustifiable interference with the sovereign rights of the Porte—a Power against which in this matter we have no cause of complaint—and

it would give a nominal cause of complaint to Powers which are only too ready to avail themselves of it. We can govern Egypt perfectly well without annexing it, and the fault is not that we are governing Egypt without annexing it, but that we are half governing Egypt and half not governing it. As the Twenty Years' Resident says agreeably enough, Sir EVELYN BARING actually sits in a room deciding what the salary of this Egyptian *employé* shall be, whether a new engine shall be put on this line or on that, whether the Egyptian Government shall defend this action for debt or compromise that. But while Sir EVELYN BARING does these things or things like them, he and his fellows leave a vast number of other things undone which are necessary to complete the done things; and Sir EVELYN BARING's superiors (here the Resident gets into the line of fact again) elaborately spoil all that he does by declaring that they have no idea of his doing anything at all. "A fico for annexation; let us govern and govern thoroughly," sensible Englishmen think, if they do not say, about Egypt. Now, if there is any truth in the rumour that Lord NORTHBROOK, after very sensibly suggesting the abolition of the useless Egyptian army, has consented merely to reduce it, it is evident that the old shilly-shally between governing and not governing is still going on and going on worse than ever. There is neither more nor less annexation in cutting down the Egyptian army than in sending all the warriors that compose it to their native and congenial fields. A weak Government after annexing might commit the blunder; a strong one could certainly take the right step without so much as breathing one of the letters which compose the obnoxious word. In short, the Twenty Years' Resident makes the error which an English poet has characterized happily enough, "He says true things, but calls them by wrong names." But the truth of the things he says is so great that it is easy to excuse the error in naming them.

It would be satisfactory to think that the military operations on the Nile, which are avowedly untrammelled by any coyness in reference to annexation, are being conducted with greater energy and unity of purpose than those which are hampered by this coyness. If spending money freely be a mark of energy, there certainly can be no reason for doubt on the subject. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers obtained three months ago a credit of a few hundred thousand pounds for these operations; the money already spent is estimated by authorities who have fair means of judging as already about three times as many millions. It will be doubtless, and ought to be, a most serious subject for the consideration of the British taxpayer whether an account shall not be exacted from those to whose mismanagement the outlay of this great sum, and of sums indefinitely great in the future, is wholly and solely due. It is the strictest of truths that for every thousand pounds spent now not a hundred pounds need have been spent to attain the same object ten months ago, not ten pounds two years ago. But these considerations belong to a different division of political criticism from that with which we are at present busied. The securing of the end, and not the extravagance of the means, supplies the present subject of discussion. And, in reference to that subject, it can only be said that it is still quite doubtful whether the English Ministry has defined any end, much less the only satisfactory end, to itself; while it is too plain that the attainment of any end, satisfactory or not, is still a long way off. One day we are informed that "renewed appearances of activity" have been manifested at Wady Halfa, or something of the kind, and for several days following the renewed appearances of activity are followed by renewed appearances of apathy. When it is remembered what time General GORDON himself took to work his way up the Nile, and how easy it is, not indeed for an elaborate expedition, but for a lightly-equipped party strong enough to defend itself, to come near, if not to equal, that celerity, the weeks and months that are slipping away while Lord WOLSELEY is making preparations suitable for the conquest of Africa appear strangely bestowed. As far as is certainly known, this vast array of machinery is being directed only to the rescue of three men, and it appears but too probable that at least one of the three has perished meanwhile. If the reports about Colonel STEWART should happily prove unfounded, it can only be said, as has been said so often about General GORDON, that it is certainly no thanks to the Government. It would be inexact as well as harsh deliberately to compare the preparations now going on to the evolutions of KIRKE during the siege of Londonderry;

but it must be admitted that there is a certain likeness between the two. No more singular phenomenon of this very singular time can be mentioned than the strange patience with which Englishmen have hitherto taken the Egyptian policy of the present Ministry. It has touched, and something more than touched, England's honour, her interests, her security of peace with foreign nations, the safety of her dependencies, her reputation for commercial probity, her reputation for administrative power; it is now dipping very deeply indeed into the pockets of Englishmen, with no assured prospect of any return for the outlay. The ingenious diversion of the Franchise Bill has, perhaps, blunted the sensitiveness of the country to all but this last attack. It remains to be seen whether the diversion will continue effective.

#### MR. TREVELYAN CLIMBS DOWN.

WE have not yet definitely adopted the Americanism "to climb down" into our ordinary English speech; but it is the only phrase which at all accurately describes the manoeuvre just executed by a member of the Government in face of the Parnellite party. For Mr. TREVELYAN himself, no doubt, the change is satisfactory. From the Chief Secretaryship to the Lord-Lieutenant to a seat in the Cabinet is of course an ascent; but the process by which it is accomplished under existing circumstances is distinctly one of "climbing down." The rifle of the Irish Colonel CROCKETT has been presented at Mr. TREVELYAN's head, and, in order to escape that distinguished marksman's fire, he has climbed down to the post just vacated by Mr. DODSON. The Colonel himself, as we see from the Irish newspapers, is in a state of high gratification at this tribute to the deadliness of his aim; and well he may be. It is not often that so prompt and marked a homage has been rendered by a responsible statesman to the power of mere bounce and swagger as has been shown in this so speedily submissive response to the menaces of Mr. O'BRIEN. Not, of course, that it will be looked upon in Ireland as a piece of wholly disinterested conciliation. The Nationalist spouters are, of course, acute enough to know that the threat to make a "scarecrow" of Mr. TREVELYAN could not, under ordinary circumstances, necessarily have terrified the Government into removing him. They know that it is the peremptory need of securing the Irish vote on the Franchise Bill which fills the foremost place in the thoughts of Ministers; and, with their usual brutal directness of political reasoning, they will connect Ministerial pliability with Ministerial needs. That the Government had actually any intention of bidding for Irish support by this displacement of Mr. TREVELYAN they themselves would be scandalized to be told. It was, of course, the merest of coincidences that Mr. GLADSTONE's desire to reward the Chief Secretary's eminent services happened within two days of the meeting of Parliament to become irrepensible. The absence of any ulterior purpose may, indeed, be considered demonstrated by the very suspiciousness of the circumstances under which the step has been taken. It is, in fact, the way of the present Government to expose themselves, in the *naïveté* of their virtue, to the charge of "transactions" with the Irish when nothing is further from their thoughts. Just so did it fare with them when, in the guilelessness of their hearts, they let Mr. PARNELL, Mr. DILLON, and Mr. O'KELLY out of Kilmainham at the very moment, as ill luck would have it, when there was a too apparent necessity for "squaring" the Parnellites in Parliament. If Ministers would only sometimes remember what a wicked world it is, and how censorious, it would be of great profit to their reputations. As matters stand, they allow themselves to be led, like Lady TEAZLE, by mere consciousness of innocence into all kinds of compromising situations.

As to Mr. TREVELYAN himself, no one outside the ranks of the Irish Nationalists, and but few, we suspect, even among them, will grudge him his promotion. Almost apart, indeed, from his success in his late office, he may be said to have earned his reward. In some schemes of academic Socialism it has been proposed that those who discharge the most odious and repulsive duties for the community should receive the highest honour, and on this principle alone no self-respecting politician who has served for two years as a mark for the gentlemen sportsmen below the gangway on the Speaker's left would be too highly compensated by a seat in the Cabinet. For there is nothing in private life that quite matches the ordeal which an Irish

Chief Secretary has nightly to undergo in the House of Commons. Men have been unfortunate enough to get pelted with mud in the streets; but never under the inexorable necessity of maintaining not only a composed but even a gracious demeanour towards their assailants. The nearest approach to a parallel, perhaps, is the position of an unpopular candidate at an election of the old sort; but even there, we presume, it would have been permissible, if one were dexterous enough, to fling a dead cat back again. An Irish Secretary, however, who returned one of the missiles of Mr. HEALY or Mr. O'BRIEN would be regarded as wanting in the Red Indian stoicism necessary for the office, that with which Mr. TREVELYAN was so abundantly supplied. We do not, of course, mean that the sufferings which he has borne with such cheerful constancy constitute his sole claim to advancement. He has developed qualities during his term of office which entitle him, on other than the mere Socialist principle above mentioned, to be invited into the Cabinet. The demand for temper and dexterity in the House of Commons, important as it is, and amply as Mr. TREVELYAN has met it, was really as nothing compared to the need of courage and firmness which his chief and he were called upon to satisfy under the very exceptional circumstances of their accession to office. And the fact that he has responded so readily, and on the whole so unswervingly to this higher demand, is the more creditable to him because it necessarily implies a considerable amount of self-educating power. As a Liberal, originally of a somewhat pronounced academic type, Mr. TREVELYAN must have had a good deal to unlearn before he could have fully adapted himself to the repugnant duties which he has been discharging for the last two years. One may suspect, indeed, that if a prophet had warned him five or six years ago of the part which he would afterwards play in the suppression of Irish liberties, he would have been apt to reply in the words of HAZAEL to ELISHA. Even allowing for the terrible awakening which his whole party ought to have received from the tragic event which preceded and opened to him his appointment, it must probably have required a close and painful study of the facts to open the eyes of a man like Mr. TREVELYAN to the real stern necessities of government in Ireland. It is, as we have said, to his credit that he has been able to shake himself free from the dominion of those phrases which, in so many Liberal minds, supply the place of observation and reasoning, and to apply an open mind to the forbidding facts before him. It will add to rather than detract from the public satisfaction to feel that, in rendering unquestioned service to his country, a zealous and intelligent politician should have at the same time found means of improving himself.

It is not Mr. TREVELYAN alone, however, who has in this matter killed two birds with one stone. As regards his new appointment the Government have contrived to do so likewise. They will not only benefit by having him in the Cabinet, but they will be the gainers by transferring Mr. DODSON to the House of Lords. It is true that the gain—that of a sure Liberal vote on the Franchise Bill—will be but a light one; but if we may say so without disrespect to one of the most blameless of nonentities whom recent political history can show, the lightest possible gain derivable from removing Mr. DODSON to the House of Lords will depress the scale against the advantage of retaining Mr. DODSON in the House of Commons. It was a malicious jest of Mr. GIBSON to insinuate, as he once did in a speech to a provincial audience, that they might never have heard of the name of the late Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; but it is safe to say that an acquaintance with Mr. DODSON's name as a member of the Cabinet has of late years been not only the usual, but perhaps the furthest, possible limit of the knowledge concerning him which is within the reach of any but those interested in the protection of our cattle against the foot-and-mouth disease. His presence in the House of Commons was not so much as felt, while his vote of course was but an insignificant unit in a large majority. We will not undertake to say that his personality will make itself any more perceptible in the House of Lords; but we affirm, without fear of contradiction, that his vote there will be of greater value.

On Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's more important qualifications for his new post it is too soon to pronounce. But in what we have classed as the secondary requirement of an Irish Chief Secretary—that, namely, of temper and dexterity in the House of Commons—there is some reason to think that he will not be wanting. As Secretary to the



Admiralty he has not, of course, been nearly so often under fire at question-time as he will find himself when he returns from his first official visit to Dublin. But he, too, has had his cross-examinations to undergo at various times, and he has usually shown himself well able to hold his own. In the matter of clearness of statement and coolness of demeanour he may be said to take rank next after Mr. TREVELYAN; and to be the second-best question-answerer in the House of Commons will not be held slight praise by any one who takes account of the increasing difficulty of an art in which success is far from being insured either by the judicial gravity of a HARCOURT or the diplomatic adroitness of a FITZMAURICE. Whether Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN will personally be less or more acceptable to the Parnellites than Mr. TREVELYAN, we must wait to see. The point is not altogether an unimportant one so far as the conduct of public business is concerned. Much of the Irish wrath against Mr. TREVELYAN was plainly theatrical; and thus, as even a Nationalist cannot be always acting, there were moments when Mr. PARNELL's followers lapsed into something like courtesy, if not positive friendliness, towards the Chief Secretary. But, until Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is fairly tied to the stake, and, "bear-like," has to "fight the course," we shall not know how this may be with him. It is another of the inconveniences of Ministerial innocence that it has, we suppose, prevented the Government from ascertaining whether Mr. TREVELYAN's successor is a *persona grata* to the power whom they wish to conciliate.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

THE older generation of American citizens, remembering the Presidential contests of their earlier days, may perhaps be surprised at the apathy which attends the coming election. In ten days from this time the decision will have been given, and the defeated party will easily acquiesce in the result. Republicans and Democrats have never joined issue on the only important difference of opinion which now exists among American politicians. Mr. BLAINE, Mr. LOGAN, and their adherents have been sufficiently explicit in their enunciation of Protectionist doctrine; but they have been preaching to the converted; and their adversaries have shrunk from accepting their challenge. The Democratic managers have, in military phrase, refused their economic wing, and preferred to engage on ground which suited their purposes better. Mr. BLAINE's railway transactions, and his intimate connexion with the so-called "machine" of the Republican party, are more popular topics than his resolute preference of the interests of producers to the welfare of the community. The respectable body of independent Republicans have chiefly directed their attention to the cause of Civil Service reform. Mr. BLAINE, as a political manager of the familiar type, cannot be expected practically to discourage corruption. Mr. CLEVELAND has in his administration of the office of Governor of New York given abundant earnest of his determination to purify the administrative departments.

It might, nevertheless, have been imprudent to make too loud a profession of purity while the election was pending. The maxim that the spoils belong to the victors is of Democratic origin, and the mass of Mr. CLEVELAND's supporters are probably not inclined to dispense with a share in the expected plunder. An English member of Parliament, who was also an accomplished man of letters, once wrote an ingenious pamphlet in defence of bribery against the Corrupt Practices Bills which were from time to time introduced twenty years ago. His principal argument, not perhaps quite seriously propounded, was that, if irregular payments were effectually prohibited, the electors would in many cases have no reason for preferring one candidate to another. The writer overlooked the probability that passion and faction would naturally take the place of less plausible motives and influences. Members who in former times bought their seats were independent, and often patriotic. Nominees of the Caucus are much more dangerous. The paradoxical apology for corruption would perhaps be more effective in the United States, where, notwithstanding habitual vehemence of language, violent party feeling is comparatively rare. When an incoming President is likely to have no places to give away, the great body of electors will have scarcely an intelligible reason for troubling themselves to vote. For the present, they will probably follow their accustomed banner, like

the devotees of the blue or the green faction in the arena at Constantinople.

The Republicans have won the State election in Ohio by a moderate majority. The Germans, on whose defection the Democrats had relied, have maintained their old alliance with the Republican party, in spite of their dislike to the Prohibitionist agitation. The division was nevertheless comparatively close, and the result is allowed on all hands not to be decisive of the chances of the Presidential election. If Ohio had changed its politics, the contest would have been virtually decided. The Republican victory renders a continuance of the contest by the party not altogether hopeless. On the other hand, West Virginia has given a majority to the Democrats, who doubted their ability to carry the State. West Virginia was detached from the old State during the war on the ground of its anti-slavery proclivities. The country was hilly, temperate in climate, and ill-suited to slave labour, and it was chiefly inhabited by immigrants from the North. The mutilation of an old State, effected in the first instance by a usurpation or extreme stretch of authority, was recognized and made regular by a Constitutional Amendment after the close of the Civil War. The new State might have been expected to continue its original connexion with the Republican party; and the reasons for the change are not fully understood. In Virginia itself the Republicans may possibly succeed by the aid of MAHONE and the party of repudiation. There is no probability of a defection from the Democratic party in any other Southern State. The coloured voters, even where they form the majority, are compelled to submit to the superior energy and better organization of the whites.

There is no doubt that, if New York supports the Democratic party, Mr. CLEVELAND will be elected. The seceding Republicans are for the most part to be found in that State, and Mr. CLEVELAND is himself a citizen of New York. The Tammany organization, directed by the clever demagogue JOHN KELLY, has hitherto ostensibly or seriously hesitated as to its choice between the candidates. Tammany Hall is professedly and thoroughly Democratic; but it has no desire that the party to whom it belongs should change its character. The control of the city elections, and consequently of the city funds, has always been a main object with KELLY and his followers. To secure their local power they have established an influence in the State Legislature; and it is unnecessary to say that they are irreconcilably hostile to all Civil Service reform. A neutral organization of citizens for the return of honest candidates at the city elections is supported both by Republicans and by Democrats, but not by Tammany Hall. Although Tammany Hall was inclined to vote for Mr. CLEVELAND as Governor, it regards his dislike for jobbing in patronage with lively aversion. At Chicago the KELLY section of the party unanimously opposed the nomination of CLEVELAND, and it has not yet openly pledged itself to support the regular candidate. On the whole, it seems probable that KELLY and his friends will shrink from the odium of frustrating the first Democratic triumph in a Presidential election during five-and-twenty years. If they consulted their own predilections without reference to party, they would sympathize in all respects with Mr. BLAINE; but they may perhaps have discovered that they are unable to carry over the rank and file of their own body to the Republicans.

English observers are not qualified to understand all the currents of American politics, nor would they be justified in becoming partisans. Most of them probably wish well to Mr. CLEVELAND, and they are aware that Mr. BLAINE's foreign policy was during his tenure of office aggressive and vexatious. They will do well to shut their eyes to the intrigues of the Democratic managers with the Irish faction. Mrs. PARNELL has appeared for the second time on the platform at a Democratic meeting to express the sympathy of the Nationalist party with Mr. CLEVELAND's candidature. An Irish agitator who had undergone an imprisonment, which was probably well deserved, was put up to denounce Mr. BLAINE for alleged slackness in effecting the speaker's liberation. It may, therefore, be assumed that the Irish population of New York, and perhaps of other great cities, will obey on this occasion the orders of their accustomed leaders. It will perhaps be thought necessary to confirm their allegiance by expressions of good will to their cause and of enmity to England; but the business of inflaming and regulating their zeal will probably be devolved on subordinate agents, and, when Mr. CLEVELAND is once elected, he is not likely to provoke gratuitous quarrels with England. The business of con-

ducting elections is not in America or in England well suited to scrupulous delicacy of temperament. Voters are not to be repelled because they make unreasonable demands, if only they refrain from exacting definite pledges to perpetrate mischief. On the whole, the candidate who has the more respectable politicians on his side may be considered the more eligible; but the result of the election will in any case be contemplated without disappointment. The President has little initiative power, and at the present time he will be specially hampered by the opposition of one or the other branch of the Legislature. The House of Representatives has a Democratic majority, and the Senate, though more closely balanced, is for the present Republican. It is possible that the Democratic party will avow their objections to a Protectionist tariff with less reserve when they are no longer afraid of alienating electoral support. The issue of Free-trade will probably be raised in the next Presidential contest. More than forty years will then have elapsed since CORBEN excusably believed that the example of England in abolishing commercial monopoly would be speedily followed by the rest of the world, and especially by democratic communities. His policy is now as then demonstrably sound; but one of the great American parties relies on the crudest Protectionist doctrine, and the other party shrinks from avowing the more rational opinions of its principal leaders.

#### MONTE CARLO AND MORALITY.

"COME, let us make a Society for putting down somebody's fun," is the invitation which Englishmen are continually giving each other. During the last fortnight certain tedious people have been trying to put down whist for threepenny points, as played to enliven the weariness of suburban railway journeys. The *Times* has published a number of letters on this important subject, and virtue is very vociferous indeed in the neighbourhood of Wandsworth. Monte Carlo, or rather the casino at Monte Carlo, has long been the biggest of all the game aimed at by friends of morality with plenty of leisure. We have nothing to say in defence of Monte Carlo. It affords, at immense moral cost, a vast amount of innocent diversion and an endless topic of conversation to people on the Riviera. Persons who never stake a five-franc piece divert themselves by walking in the gardens, looking on at the play, reading the newspapers, and listening to the music provided by the Administration. To this large majority of foreign visitors Monte Carlo is a kind of boon. On the many wet and foggy days, when picnics and expeditions in the hills are impossible, and when Mentone would be rather more dull than human nature could endure, it is always easy to go over to Monte Carlo, and watch that very mixed crowd which makes its game while the ball is rolling. This the non-gambling public does, and enlarges its mind by observations of some of the greatest people and most infamous scoundrels, male and female, in Europe. Then the visitors, the respectable visitors, return to Nice, Mentone, or San Remo, with plenty to talk about. The variations of luck are a theme interesting even to people who never risk a louis. These are the benefits and distractions which Monte Carlo confers on the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts of invalids, on the non-gambling part of the floating population. Not more injured than these innocent ones are the moderate players; the men who, like JOS SEDLEY, "put down a nap," or attempt to work out a system with a capital of five pounds in five-franc pieces. Occasionally they win, more often they lose, not spending more money than they think the diversion is worth. To these unimpassioned players, also, Monte Carlo sells a harmless diversion, on a par very much with "bumble puppy," or domestic whist at shilling points. But we are aware that the pleasures of these moderate players are the most deadly of all vices. Virtue hates nothing so much as a moderate person, who can amuse himself with a little bet, or who can drink a bottle of claret. The moderate drinker, it is well known, is infinitely more hateful to virtue than the habitual "martyr to *delirium tremens*."

The *Advocatus Diaboli*, the opponent of the charms of Monte Carlo, is chiefly a Mr. HENRY THOMPSON. Mr. THOMPSON is the proprietor of that original mind to which occurred the idea of getting up a Society for the purpose of putting down roulette. In the interests of this Society a book has been published, called *Monte Carlo and Public Opinion* (Rivingtons). The authors aver that "the book claims no literary merit"; and, indeed, even its grammar might have been revised with happy results. The little

volume might be called "Monte Carlo, and How to Put It Down." We learn that the Earl of ABERDEEN, Lord POLWARTH, and the Bishops of MEATH and GIBRALTAR wish to put it down. Probably Lord POLWARTH and the Earl of ABERDEEN shoot or fish. What would they think if a set of Buddhist priests got up Committees for putting down fishing and shooting? The Buddhists have just as much right to interfere with Scotch sport as Lord ABERDEEN has to interfere with Continental roulette. In this argument we are not affirming that Monte Carlo is a moral place, or a boon to the more imbecile and avaricious of its visitors. But an Englishman gets sick of seeing the names of his countrymen prominent in every attempt to meddle with the conduct of aliens. Can we never leave people alone? Why do not the Bishops of MEATH and GIBRALTAR attack our domestic Turf and Stock Exchange? or does the Bishop of GIBRALTAR think that Monte Carlo, like Rome and the Pope, is "within his see"? The Bishop of MEATH has no such excuse, and might turn his attention to putting down murder and the mutilation of cattle in his peaceful Hibernian diocese.

The Italian papers, it seems from this volume, are not less anxious to drive out roulette than is the Bishop of MEATH. The Italians, and the French too, are the only people who really have a right to complain. Monaco is a No Man's Land between the marches of France and Italy. The Prince is really all but a subject of France, and such of his people as practise the higher class of crimes are under French law. It is only necessary for France to make her own law as to public gambling, the law of Monaco and the green cloth is swept away. There are, probably, international difficulties. If Mr. HENRY THOMPSON and the Bishop of MEATH will walk up the hill to Turbia, they will see the large and workmanlike fortifications with which France has been defending the road into Italy. Somehow the aspect of these truculent new buildings always suggests to us that the Monaco question is not such a very simple question as Mr. HENRY THOMPSON may believe. It is not impossible that for either France or Italy to move in the affairs of Monaco might be the opening of waters and the beginning of strife. If this is not so, and if France and Italy are both so eager, as this volume assures us they are, to put down Monte Carlo, why don't they begin? They cannot be restrained by the fear of seeming hypocritical surely! The editor of *Monte Carlo and Public Opinion* publishes a number of leading articles on the question. In one of these the *Daily News* remarks that, with public lotteries on the Italian side, and perpetual baccarat on the French side, neither Power has quite a clean record in the matter of gambling. What can be more absurd than protests against Trente-et-Quarante from a Papacy and a Kingdom which have lived by bringing gambling into every peasant's cabin? The people who play at Monte Carlo may be divided into the following categories. First there is the wicked moderate player, the visitor to the Riviera, who buys presents for his cousins and his aunts if he wins, and does not lose enough to vex himself about. The Italians and French need not grieve their consciences about this bad man and his fellows. Then there is the feverish invalid, who may not lose much money, but who simply ruins his health by sitting all day panting in a bad air. This class of person really would benefit by the overthrow of the tables. To be sure he might very probably turn to baccarat at the clubs; but, again, he might not. Many persons only gamble when every possible facility is afforded them, and this is, of course, the great argument against Monte Carlo. In the mouth of a Government which makes gambling easy for every man, woman, or child that possesses half a franc, the argument sounds rather hypocritical. The next class of gamblers are professional gamblers; a dirty rakish set of copper captains common at Monte Carlo. Their morals are beyond hope, nor can Italy and France convert the habitual plunger who plays high at Monte Carlo during the winter of his discontent, when the Turf affords him no excitement. Last, we come to the tradesmen and farmers of the coast and of North Italy, who often travel to waste their savings and ruin their families at Monte Carlo. By closing the tables these men would to a considerable extent be protected against themselves. We might add that, if the tables were closed, the population of professional raffs and of loose women would be diminished. But to hope for that result is too sanguine. Watering places and winter towns will always attract the *belle petite* of French novels. Towns in which every club is a baccarat hell will always attract the professional gambler. Is Boulogne, is Ostend, free from bad company? Neither these nor any



other towns of moral France have well-conducted public tables, but they all have casinos where every one may gamble to his heart's desire. The difficulty, then, is to see on what moral pretext, not a pure hypocrisy, France or Italy can interfere. France may do so, however, and public gambling may be prohibited at Monte Carlo. No one would be any the worse, and perhaps the sportive invalids and speculative tradesfolk would be the better. As for the Polish barons who shoot themselves on the premises, they are likely to fare no better at the Cercle Masséna than at Monte Carlo.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. Monte Carlo is certainly a focus of bad company on a coast where there are many such centres. Monte Carlo is also a dangerous temptation to weak-minded strangers too indolent to gamble, unless gambling is made very easy for them indeed. If for these reasons Monte Carlo should be put down, let France and Italy settle between them the terms on which they will buy out or evict the Prince and the Administration. It is the affair of one or other or both of these countries. It is not peculiarly our affair, nor that of the Earl of ABERDEEN and Mr. HENRY THOMPSON. No class of men is more outcast from sympathy than the sordid wretches who live on the profits of human vices. But fussy reformers of sins they have no mind to are not very agreeable clients. We may be content to let France and Italy deal, in their own time and their own way, with the question of Monte Carlo.

#### MR. STANLEY AND THE CONGO.

MR. STANLEY'S speech to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce last Tuesday contained much that was entitled to useful attention. He wasted part of his time in frothy rhetoric, and part in slaying the slain; but, after deducting these superfluities, enough remains to make his long speech interesting. It is even going too far to say that he slew the slain. In point of fact, he carefully proved that something which was stillborn ought never to have existed. He showed with great care that the Congo Treaty was an absurdity, and that Portugal is the most stupid and unmanageable of colonial Powers. Both of these feats were works of supererogation. The Congo Treaty never had the least chance of life. It never breathed except in the QUEEN'S Speech of last Session. As for the demerits of Portugal, they are matters of common knowledge. Everybody is well aware that the Portuguese will neither work in their own colonies, nor let anybody else work. They have nothing left to do except to try to stop the road to everybody, including the Pore, who cannot regulate the affairs of the faithful in the East without coming to an arrangement with the Archbishop of Goa. Their claims to the Congo valley are only part of their numerous colonial pretensions, and would never have been heard of if it had not occurred to the profound diplomatic wisdom of our Ministers to use Portugal for the purpose of checking the sporadic enterprise of France. It is now high time to drop all reference to that piece of foolish cunning, and to discuss the Congo question in the light of contemporary events. This should be all the easier to do because that particular makeshift is distinguished, accidentally, from similar measures taken further south in Africa by the fact that it has brought comparatively little disgrace on the country. It has led to no direct insult to the flag, it has not cost the unavenged lives of any Englishmen, and it has not delivered any native who trusted to our protection up to spoliation or murder—at least it has not had these effects as yet.

In that part of Mr. STANLEY'S speech which must be considered of most value, he took the eminently wise course of appealing to the interests of Manchester. Treated in that way, the question is sure to receive attention, and may be profitably discussed. Mr. STANLEY pointed out with convincing force that, while Manchester is continually making more cotton goods, it is far less successful in securing new markets. A fresh outlet for the produce of the town is badly needed, and it would be grossly imprudent to miss the opportunity of securing one. According to Mr. STANLEY, the much-needed opportunity is offered to the enterprise of Manchester in the valley of the Upper Congo. The lower part of the river is already the seat of a flourishing trade, of which by far the greater part is in English hands. Then Mr. STANLEY drew a picture of what might be done higher up, which was eminently calculated to charm every right-minded cotton-spinner. He made an estimate of the number of possible purchasers accessible by means of the Congo, and

then guessed at the quantities of cotton dresses they may be persuaded to buy. If all these teeming millions of blacks could only be got to trade for one Sunday garment a head, they would use up 320,000,000 yards. But this is only the least part of the magnificent prospect. People who have advanced sufficiently in civilization to have a Sunday best will need clothes for week-days. Great men will, as a matter of course, wear more than small. In the vast region watered by the majestic Congo everybody buys the necessities of life with pieces of cotton, and Mr. STANLEY gave an almost rapturous account of how millions of blacks throughout the many thousand miles of the river's windings may some day be seen going to market laden with Manchester goods. Nor is this all; for native Africa not only lives in cotton—or would, if it could—but it is buried in cotton. Finally, Mr. STANLEY arrived at the dazzling conclusion that, living and dead, the blacks who can be got at by means of the Congo may very possibly buy cotton goods to the value of 26,000,000*l.* a year at 2*d.* a yard. This sum is not by any means beyond the dreams of avarice in Manchester, and Mr. STANLEY knew that he might play with large figures. He may indulge safely in a little rhetorical exaggeration, carefully heightened by a judicious appearance of moderation here and there. Business men in Manchester have doubtless not forgotten what happened to their town and others when South America was glutted with manufactured goods on equally plausible calculations some sixty years ago. A panic and widespread ruin was the immediate result of that enterprise. Mr. STANLEY'S audience will think twice before sending out fleets laden with cotton goods to the Congo, and will ask what they are to be paid in. They would find it by no means remunerative to get back their own exports, which, according to the lecturer, are the staple of trade in the centre of Africa. On this point Mr. STANLEY was less satisfactory. He ran off a list of goods sent down from the upper regions of the river which looks fairly well as it stands. Ivory, palm oil, sesamum seed, ground nuts, palm kernels, rubber and gum copal are the produce of this favoured land. But the market for these goods in the civilized world is not boundless. We are tolerably well supplied with them already, and then one of them at least must soon cease to be an article of export. "Where," said Mr. STANLEY to an imaginary captious hearer, "does all this ivory come from?" No man in the world is more competent to supply the answer. It comes from herds of elephants which are being rapidly exterminated by reckless hunting. In a few years, and with greater enterprise, there will not be a tusk left to hunt between the Sahara and the Zambesi. The products of the earth are not equally liable to destruction, but the demand for them is limited, and before Central Africa can take even half the millions of yards of cotton named by Mr. STANLEY, it must find something new to buy them with. Whether that can be found at once is in the last degree doubtful. As he himself points out, the Association he serves has gone to Africa not to take property, but to make it, and he might have added that the process is commonly a long one. Business men are liable to lose their heads and spoil their market by overtrading at times; but in the main they see the facts of the case pretty clearly, and they will be well pleased if at any time within this generation they can sell a half or even a quarter of the cotton goods Mr. STANLEY hopes to see taken in Central Africa.

Even with these limitations the prospect is encouraging. A market for seven or eight millions of goods a year is not a thing to be despised in these hard times. It is well worth opening and keeping open. The means of doing this is a subject which has already occupied the attention of Manchester, and is not likely to drop out of sight. It has passed through various phases, and has now entered on one which may possibly prove to be not the least difficult. There is no need to be hasty in concluding that the Congress which is about to meet at Berlin will decide on any measures of a distinctly hostile character to England. It may very well, however, recommend a course which is by no means to our advantage. The Powers to be represented there do not all together possess as much interest in the question as this country alone, and they may possibly hit upon a scheme of their own meant to forward their trade at the expense of ours. The duty of the English Government will be to watch the Congress for the purpose of preventing a mere majority of votes from overriding the greater interest. Meanwhile, Manchester will be very well employed in watching the Government, with a lively recollection of certain transactions in reference

to the Suez Canal in its mind. Prince BISMARCK is not M. DE LESSERS, nor is Germany the Canal Company, and a blunder once made may not be so easy to retrieve as it was in the case of that famous diplomatic fiasco. The Association for which Mr. STANLEY spoke loyally would probably have succeeded in opening the Congo to trade, but from the moment that Great Powers began to interfere such an arrangement became impossible. For the future, if the Association continues to exist at all, it can only be as the agent of one or more European States strong enough to support it effectually. It will be for the Power most interested to see that it has a proportionate right of control. In the course of his speech Mr. STANLEY suggested the despatch of a British cruiser as a useful temporary measure. The case certainly seems to be one for the interference of the British cruiser, and perhaps at no distant day of several British cruisers.

#### THE NAVY.

"IT is not a little curious that in this matter" (defence against invasion) "practical views based on carefully-ascertained facts and figures, which cannot by any possibility be denied, are treated as dreams, while a feeling of security, which is based on nothing, is regarded as a proof of strong sense and of just contempt for visionary ideas. In reality, the visionaries are those who place reliance where there are no grounds for reliance, and whose opinions are based on a superstition and a phrase. . . . When disagreeable arguments cannot be confuted or disagreeable facts denied, Englishmen frequently console themselves with a phrase or a catchword. The use of the word 'alarmist' is thought sufficient to silence those people whose unpleasant statements cannot easily be met in detail. . . . A Frenchman would have been an alarmist who had said during the great days of the Empire that the military strength of France was far below that of Germany, and that a war would swiftly result in French armies being shattered, France overrun, and her capital beleaguered. Alarmists may sometimes be right." These passages are taken from an article published in our columns more than three years ago, and their truth will probably now be generally admitted. Our navy has been allowed to become dangerously weak, and repeated warnings have been treated with all the lofty contempt of ignorance. At last, however, there has been a sudden awakening; and, very late—too late, perhaps—the defenceless state of the country and of her huge commerce has been realized, and for once a few cant phrases have not prevailed against an elaborate array of facts. At last it has been seen that attention must be given to the cogent strictures of those who say that our navy is insufficient for the work it might have to do in case of war; and, tepid as Englishmen usually are with regard to this all-important subject, a feeling has been aroused which, it may be hoped, will not be dispelled by a few references to the vast resources we possess in our seafaring population and by some time-honoured expressions respecting the folly of yielding to a panic or listening to panic-mongers. It is true that Sir T. BRASSEY did not think it beneath him to talk a little of the venerable nonsense in his speech at Hastings on Tuesday; but then Sir T. BRASSEY does not always realize facts very promptly, and perhaps on this occasion he was mistaken. If valuable property is suddenly found to be uninsured, its owners do not wait to listen to sage admonitions about the advisability of avoiding panics.

Another stale device by which public attention—all too easily led away, alas!—has often been diverted from this important subject has been resorted to of late, and will doubtless be resorted to again, but will, we trust, have no more effect than the obsolete claptrap which is at last seen through. It has long been the practice with Parliamentary officials and defenders of the Admiralty to answer complaints about the weakness of the navy by attacks on a previous Administration, and by showing, or trying to show, that they have done better than their political antagonists. Replies of this kind, by which the real difficulty is skilfully evaded, have been successful before now, but it is doubtful whether they will any longer be found effective and whether the transparent artifice is now likely to be of the slightest avail. If the peril of our present position and the miserable inadequacy of our means of defence are once appreciated, the great mass of Englishmen will care very little whether Liberals or Tories are to blame. The present Government has been four years and a half in office,

and, if they had thought fit, could have made the navy abundantly strong during that period. Moreover, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has very frankly avowed, it is much easier for a Liberal Government to increase the navy than for a Tory Government to do so. The old methods of darkening discussion being, therefore, discredited, there remains but one other for the defenders of the Admiralty. An attempt must be made to prove that we are not quite so weak as has been asserted, that our navy, though certainly not a match, and very much less than a match, for the navies of all Europe, is, at all events, stronger than that of France. This was the line followed by Sir T. BRASSEY in the speech which, nature proving too strong for him, he could not help concluding with some of the old nonsense. His attempt, of course, has failed completely; but to say this is much the same thing as it would be to say that a man failed completely who tried to prove that two and two make five. Of the remarkable omissions in his speech, omissions on points most vital to his case, it is not necessary to speak. They have been pointed out already. The true inference to be drawn from his statement has also been seen, as indeed was not astonishing. He adopted the classification which best suits the Admiralty, and, even with this, brought out most dispiriting results. By adopting a different and much fairer classification, that of the writer in the *Engineer*, which takes into account all vessels built and building, it can be shown that, in first-class ironclads, the French are equal or nearly equal to us. True it is that Sir T. BRASSEY suggested that two of the vessels usually included in the French list might not yet be begun, but it is most significant that he, a Lord of the Admiralty, officially defending the Admiralty, could not speak positively on this point, and, even with these ships excluded, the French have still twenty-three vessels against twenty-five English. If, however, this carefully compiled and just estimate is to be set aside and the other accepted, little is gained, as Sir T. BRASSEY's figures agree very closely with those of the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose "revelation" produced so great an effect. If the Civil Lord is right in everything he says, and if Sir E. REED and all the other independent authorities are utterly wrong, we are still in a very unsatisfactory position. We are now, it is said, equal to a possible coalition of two Powers, but no one can say that we shall be equal to it in one or two years' time, when some ironclads of enormous power are completed. In second-class ironclads we are, Sir T. BRASSEY admits, only equal to the French. In unarmoured ships we are superior; but he does not contend, and no sane person can contend, that we are superior in proportion to our maritime commerce; and it has been clearly shown in the *Engineer* that proportionally we are very much weaker than the French. About guns the less said the better. Assuming, then, that Sir T. BRASSEY is accurate on every point, and that the censors, in so far as they differ from him, are mistaken on every point, it is still seen that, with a small standing army and with an immense commerce, our position is a most insecure one. The assailants of our naval administration could hardly ask for better confirmation of their strictures.

#### INVINCIBLE IMPUDENCE.

A GREAT writer, who veils his identity behind four familiar initials, has composed (and published) an essay concerning things which cannot go on. A hasty thinker might have been inclined to place in this category the conduct of the Claimant to the Tichborne estates. Difficulties about their identity have troubled rogues and philosophers in all ages. But two adverse verdicts, two convictions for perjury, and nearly eleven years of penal servitude, might have been rashly regarded as considerable aids to the removal of doubt. Those who reason thus must now acknowledge that they seriously underrate the power of human persistence. The most stupendous bore of modern times has been let loose upon a helpless community. If we might conventionally adopt the decisions of a corrupt judiciary, we should say that ARTHUR ORTON, butcher, of Wapping and Wagga-Wagga, was out on ticket-of-leave. That, however, would, as we learn from a document signed "R. C. D. TICHBORNE," be an unpardonable error. Injured innocence appeals "to the electors of Great Britain and Ireland," and may possibly in Ireland meet with some response. For in Ireland the verdicts of Irish juries are, by some strange law, transformed into arbitrary edicts of the "Saxon oppressor." Mr. MILL used to say that truth



differed from error principally in the capacity for being rediscovered. The appellant to British justice, whose prison name was THOMAS CASTRO, appears to believe that falsehood is turned into truth by the process of being reasserted. This "unhappy nobleman" has "languished," to use the phrase of his disciples, and has languished in vain. Something else, besides hope, springs eternal in the human breast. The Court of Common Pleas, the Court of Queen's Bench, Millbank, Pentonville, Dartmoor, have all failed to convince the "Claimant" that he is not what the late Dr. KENEALY alleged him to be, or at least to make him acknowledge his little mistake. "The Claimant" states his grievances with the cultured eloquence and logical force which might have been expected of him. One of the grievances is that his sentence was "written out" before "the verdict was given against him." This is, to be sure, a cruel iniquity. We cannot indeed quite understand what the "Claimant" would have gained by having his doom pronounced *ex tempore*, nor can we bring ourselves to suppose Sir JOHN MELLOR unable to remember that twice seven are fourteen. But it shows the "spleen and malice" against which the virtuous and unbefriended "ROGER" had to contend. There are some slight difficulties about this theory. The verdict was returned by the jury. The sentence was awarded by the Judges. The fact that the Judges were prepared for either event might be described by a captious critic as imperfect evidence that the jury were corrupt. Moreover, there was another jury in the civil action, and with them there was no question of any sentence at all. But these are petty cavils. The case of the "Claimant" rests on higher ground. Mr. QUARTERMAINE EAST accepts it. The "identiscope" proves it. Above all, there is the stirring address to the "electors of Great Britain and Ireland," to which we have already referred. This document, called with perhaps unconscious irony a "Manifesto," will deeply stir the heart of a free people. The nation is not often addressed by "yours sincerely," and the compliment will be especially welcome from a ticket-of-leave-man.

The "Claimant" learns nothing, and forgets nothing. But then he imagines a good deal. In old days he could not get up the most elementary parts of his case. He was unable, for instance, to acquire even a few words of French or Latin. Even now he cannot forget that he is "Sir ROGER," though it would be much more interesting and advantageous for him not to say so. He has, however, a lively fancy, which, if it does not run away with twenty stone, at least carries him far. Thus he attributes the fact that he is still alive to the kind interest felt in his fate by the "Electors of Great Britain and Ireland," whereas it is not more certain that people cannot live on "interest" of that kind than that not one person in ten thousand cared a brass farthing what became of the butcher-baronet. Prison fare has evidently agreed with "R. C. D. TICHBORNE." It has reduced his bulk, fostered his vanity, and even, if the manifesto be his, improved his style. There is a strange weird mixture of JUNIUS and ELIJAH POGROM about this document which is rather fascinating. "Your enormous petitions," says "yours sincerely," "your enormous petitions to the Crown and Parliament have been spurned and derided." The "Claimant's" partiality for enormity, both physical and moral, is only natural. But in this instance it is, we fear, but another instance of his imaginative powers. "Your voices," he continues, "have been condemned, and the resolutions of your public meetings thrown aside. Members of Parliament who promised you redress have shamelessly broken their pledges. While listening to you upon subjects which would promote their own elevation to the Treasury and judicial benches, and while engaging in internecine conflicts for party purposes and political power, they have despised your real wants and trampled upon your desires and demands for justice." This is an appalling picture of "our" public men. They have gone their ways, this to his office, that to his chambers, and neglected the one thing needful. While the House of Commons has been wasting time and strength over miserable trifles of mere national concern, who has given a thought to the "unhappy nobleman" detained in durance vile? *Ach Gott!* as Mr. CARLYLE would say. Where shall wisdom be found outside the walls of Dartmoor Gaol? Where were plighted faith and personal honour and regard for what Mr. CHADBRAND called the "terewth" when the door of a dungeon closed upon our beloved "Sir ROGER"? It is obviously an occasion for the manly tear. But worse remains behind. Do we not remember, can we ever forget, the painful scene

which followed the introduction of Dr. KENEALY's famous motion? Did not the representatives of the people openly jeer at the cause of justice and its consecrated priest? Did not the Prime Minister of England turn into ridicule, of which he was a master, the prospect of the toiling millions rising in their strength, against which the Home Secretary had not warned him, though the "more candid member for Stoke" announced that it would be so? And, when the division came, what a piteous spectacle of national apostasy! Only one man voted with Dr. KENEALY and Mr. WHALLEY. He was an Irish member, about the size of the "Claimant"; and he had the audacity to say that he supported truth and right because he objected to being in the same lobby with four hundred other fellows. So much for the House of Commons. What did the House of Lords for the "unhappy nobleman"? Alas, nothing! From the Lord Chancellor to the junior Baron there was not one found to plead for his rights. The "huge two-handed engine" is all out of gear.

The little band which stood by the "Claimant" has been reduced to Mr. QUARTERMAINE EAST, who thinks that it is all a "Jesuit conspiracy." There is scarcely any one left, except the "Claimant" himself, to expose the "hypo-crisy" of Parliament, which has discussed Criminal Appeal Bills and not liberated him. The facts about the trial are thus stated by "Yours sincerely":—"Law Officers of the Crown [who did not appear in the case], from the highest to the lowest [one for Sir CHARLES BOWEN], did not hesitate, during my trial, to use forged letters, to pack the jury [during the trial], to hire false witnesses from abroad of the most loathsome character, to fabricate documents, to alter records, to suppress valuable evidence in my favour, to put spies on my counsel's papers, and to threaten my witnesses, while the judges who tried me were from the outset prejudiced against me." It is a mad, one-sided world which confuses butchers with baronets, and is the victim of Jesuit conspiracies. However, all that is going to be set right. At a series of meetings throughout the country "the rights of 'Sir ROGER'" will be expounded by himself. This is a pleasing prospect for the autumn and winter, and suggests profound reflections on the endlessness of gout, the Income-tax, and the TICHBORNE case. But bright as is the "Claimant's" future, according to Mr. QUARTERMAINE EAST, and numerous as may be the constituencies for which he has been invited to stand, there is one little rift within the lute. The ticket-of-leave might, perhaps, stick in the indignant orator's throat. It is revocable, that ticket. Certain conditions are specified on the back of it, and they must be followed. But, quite apart from them, it may be withdrawn at any time by the SECRETARY OF STATE—a corrupt and arrogant functionary, who has already trampled on "enormous" petitions, thrown aside indignant resolutions, and refused to release the victim of the Jesuits before his time. It is just possible that, if "Sir ROGER" threatened to become once more the foremost public pest of the age, the old machinery might be set to work again.

#### ENGLISH CHESS.

IT is a common and not unnatural weakness of good chess-players to desire that their names may be handed down to posterity in connexion with some new opening or new development of an opening in the game to which their intellect and energies have been devoted. Ruy Lopez, Kieseritzky, Evans, and a few others are thus immortalized in the annals of chess, and it is not surprising that modern players should feel a glow of ambition at the thought that their names also may be remembered with the rest. Mr. Steinitz need not fear that his prowess will be soon forgotten, but he cannot remain satisfied with the glory of having played some of the finest combinations ever recorded, and of being as difficult to beat over the board as Mr. Grace, with his eye well in, is difficult to dispose of at cricket. He has devised a gambit somewhat startling in its novelty, in which, instead of casting, he makes his king run the gauntlet for ten or a dozen moves, trusting to have greater service from it in the middle or end of the game than if it were mewed up in a corner. Two out of his first three games in the International Tournament of last year were lost by this gambit, which has not secured the approval of any other great player. But we believe that Mr. Steinitz manfully refuses to abandon it. In the hands of a clever strategist it is a formidable weapon of attack; and, at any rate, no man who is not his equal would be wise to speak lightly of it. Its chief blemish is that Black has the opportunity of forcing a draw at the eighth move; though to force a draw immediately after accepting a gambit would be too much in the style of the poor cat in the adage. Another chess opening which has not yet earned the sanction of the masters, but which seems to have more in its favour than has

generally been admitted, is known as Bird's variation of the Giuoco Piano. A bishop and knight being played on either side, in accordance with the regular opening, Mr. Bird advances his queen's bishop's pawn one, his queen's knight's pawn two, his queen's pawn one, and his queen's rook's pawn two, which, with a careful continuation, certainly gives him a strong position for attack. In a very entertaining work on *Modern Chess* (James Wade), of which we have the first part before us, Mr. Bird expounds and defends his opening, taking to himself a sweet revenge for the scantiness of which he complains in other people's criticism. It must be admitted that he makes out a fair case, both in argument and in illustration. "I like," he says, "something lively and spirited as early as possible; and the early advance of the Pawns on the Queen's side attains my object." There are many people who like something lively and spirited as early as possible; and to chess-players of this disposition Mr. Bird's treatise, and the opening itself, may be safely recommended. In the course of the past eighteen months the author has adopted his favourite tactics in seven games of primary importance, against Winawer, Englisch, Zukertort, Rosenthal, Fritz, and Mackenzie. Of the seven he only lost one, that against Zukertort in the London Tournament; and here, on the twenty-ninth move, he unfortunately overlooked a sacrifice of the exchange which would have given him a won game. In view of these facts it certainly does seem remarkable, as Mr. Bird says, "that this mode of playing the Giuoco Piano has never been adopted by any other player, and that the book authorities have not given it due consideration, or expressed any opinion in regard to it." The most favourable (or the least hostile) of the masters is Mr. Steinitz; and perhaps it may be said that Mr. Steinitz, having an innovation of his own to defend, was less likely to indulge in conventional reproof of a fellow-innovator.

Mr. Bird puts forth his *apologia* almost simultaneously with the new edition of the volume containing the official record of last year's International Tournament, to which he contributes a useful analytical index. The demand for chess literature has been steadily growing for some years past, and this growth is not the only symptom of a noteworthy increase in the popularity of the game. The fact is unquestionable, and it is not a little curious. Chess presents few attractions for the generality of men and women in our day which it has not presented for the men and women of a dozen generations. It is probably played no more shrewdly by the masters of the nineteenth century than it was played by the masters of the eighteenth century. Its method has scarcely developed as much since the time of Philidor as the method and apparatus of cricket have developed since Gainsborough painted his "young cricketer" with balls nailed to the stumps and a bat like an Indian club. Yet this oldest of our systematic sports, of which the origin is lost in obscurity, but which Odon de Sully forbade his clergy to meddle with nearly seven hundred years ago, has within the last decade reached a level of popular favour beyond all recorded precedent. Much, no doubt, is due to the careful analysis of the openings, which, especially since the publication of Staunton's *Handbook*, have become more and more familiar to the average amateur. Everything which encourages a beginner to acquire the commonest formulas of chess at an early stage in his progress tends to make the succeeding stages more easy and delightful to him. In one way or another the many thousands of young people who now take up chess as a pastime contrive to learn and remember these formulas; and from that time onward their interest in the game is assured. Mr. Ruskin, who has touched and adorned this subject also, cannot understand the pleasure which some players seem to take in following prescribed lines of attack and defence, or in skulking after stray pawns when nearly all the pieces have been changed off. There are many who go a great deal further than Mr. Ruskin, and question the interest and value of chess under any circumstances. This sceptical frame of mind is perhaps less open to objection than that of the enthusiasts who have listened too eagerly to the song of the charmer, and have given up to chess what was meant for mankind, or at all events for the earning of their livelihood in a commonplace trade or profession. It is a danger to which all players are exposed, and which is fatal to not a few. Chess would thrive well enough even if it were regarded as exclusively a game for amateurs; and, as a matter of fact, some of the finest performers have been men to whom it always remained a pastime, and never became a crutch. This being said, it is advisable to say one thing more—namely, that the professional element in English chess is not obtrusive, and has no cause to blush for its record in any shape or form. Our professional chess masters of the first rank may be counted on the fingers; they have proved themselves superior in skill to the masters of other countries; but they do not, as distinctly as in cricket and boating, constitute a separate class, nor do they, any more than in the sports just mentioned, overshadow the men who play for simple recreation. The number of these could not be readily computed, but it has certainly increased at a very rapid rate. There are now in Great Britain some three hundred and twenty chess clubs, apart from the institutions where chess is only one out of a number of tolerated games. Many of these clubs have over a hundred members, whilst some of them can at any time put sixty or seventy fairly strong players in the field. The City of London Club, early in the present year, produced just a hundred competitors in its annual tournament, and several of the larger provincial clubs have reached three-fourths of that number. Nor has the average quality

of the play failed to keep pace with this numerical increase. Mr. Blackburne, who up to the time of his recent illness was a frequent visitor to the provinces, had latterly begun to find that his favourite task of meeting a dozen good men blindfold was no longer the bagatelle that he used to consider it.

Partly a cause and partly a consequence of this stimulated popularity are the numerous chess magazines, chess pages, and chess columns which now exist, many of them conducted with marked ability, and all of them apparently read and appreciated. The modest amateur, who can follow an easy piece of analysis, and at least attempt to solve a two-move problem, need never be at a loss for entertainment; and the man who wants more than this must be hard to please if he does not find satisfaction in such budgets as the *Chess Monthly* of Messrs. Zukertort and Hoffer, or (for the next ten months) the *Modern Chess* of Mr. Bird. It is not long since Mr. Steinitz also was in the field, warring valiantly for his principles. America has appropriated him for a time, as it appropriates, or tries to appropriate, all our great executants one after another. If Mr. Steinitz presently tires of America, or Americans tire of chess, we shall have him back in his former haunts, and the vexed question of the championship may then be disposed of. It has been warmly contested for some years past. Nearly every one is ready to admit that the palm is borne either by Mr. Steinitz or by Mr. Zukertort; and indeed the International Tournament of 1883, from which no first-rate player was absent, left these two men prominently at the front. Zukertort stood first with twenty-two wins out of twenty-six games, whilst Steinitz only scored nineteen; so that, if this were the sole test which could be applied, the former would have an undisputed claim to the title of champion. But the result of a tournament is not so conclusive on the relative merits of two amongst the whole number of competitors as a single combat under proper conditions would be. The deciding match should consist of not fewer than twenty-one games, played at the rate of five in a week. The preliminaries and the regulation of the match should be entrusted to a committee, composed of nominees of the two players, of the St. George's and City of London Clubs, of the Counties Chess Association, and the new British Chess Association. Finally, the match should be played in a public room, not in a club, and every precaution should be taken to ensure the players against needless distraction of mind. These conditions—which we believe Mr. Steinitz is willing to accept—would be fair to both sides, and would inspire confidence in the outside public. They provide a test of all the qualities which combine to make a chess-master of the highest rank—that is to say, not only knowledge and skill, but mental endurance, power of concentration, and equableness of temperament. A match of this kind between Zukertort and Steinitz would possess much interest for all players and lovers of chess. The two are foemen worthy of each other's steel; and a score or more of games in which both put forth their whole strength would be sure to exhibit some brilliant strategy. Good performers often lay themselves open to the charge of extravagant confidence in their own abilities, and it may be very wholesome and natural that they should be laughed at for their conceit. But anything like persistent depreciation and ridicule of one champion by the backers of his rival is an impertinence to all who do not care for this sort of thing, and an injury to the rival in question. The word wants saying, and editors of ephemeral chess literature may rely upon it that they would give their readers greater satisfaction by excluding personal quips and gibes, which possibly establish the phenomenal smartness of the writers, but establish nothing else. English players are noted, on the whole, for their genial and gregarious habits, and the only kind of rivalry which the best of them care to recognize is that which can be fought out across the table. This is certainly the view of the general public, who will come together to see a good chess match almost as eagerly as they come to any other trial of strength or skill. Men of influence who love the game ought to think it worth their while to arrange more frequent contests, of distinguished amateurs as well as of professional players. What, for instance, could be more interesting than a duel between Mr. Ruskin and Lord Randolph Churchill? In a recent letter to the editor of the *Chess Monthly* Mr. Ruskin half promised us a collection of pattern games, reasonable in length, like a dean's sermon, and warranted free of skulking. If Mr. Zukertort would undertake to prepare his correspondent for the encounter, and Mr. Steinitz would perform the same service for his quondam pupil, half the town would assemble to see them play. And, as enough money might be taken at the doors to give a respectable start to a Chessplayers' Benevolent Fund, we really do not see why the idea should not commend itself alike to philosophic age and mercurial youth.

#### A HAPPY FAMILY.

EVERYBODY knows that there never was such a happy family as the present Liberal-Radical party, but perhaps few people knew how happy the family is until the present week. Its two leaders, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain (we beg pardon of Lord Hartington and Lord Granville, but they seem to have lately declined the painful task of leading for the easier one of being led), have been delivering themselves with a really marvellous unanimity on religious subjects. The mere choice of subject is of course nothing new with Mr. Gladstone, and it is not quite unexemplified with Mr. Chamberlain, who has, if we mistake



not, taken advantage of former opportunities to inform the world and his audience that his family had a pious founder or ancestor in the seventeenth century. The ancestor was one of the non-conforming ministers ejected under the Act of Uniformity; and Mr. Chamberlain (when he is likely to produce an effect) mentions him with just pride. It is not, however, this little peculiarity (which Mr. Chamberlain shares with many other persons) that we have selected for the subject of comment, though, if Mr. Chamberlain goes on, some of his friends will surely echo the memorable expostulation on Lord Ascot at Philip's call supper. "I say! If you intend to come Richard III. over us," said Lord Ascot, and, he added in confidential explanation, "Always does it when he's got beer on board; always does it, give you my honour." The effect of political discussion is but too like that of fermented liquors; and, though Mr. Chamberlain does not come Richard III. over his audiences (indeed, he would probably consider that going too far back, for in this very speech he spoke with extreme disrespect of Magna Charta), he sometimes, when he has a little political beer on board, does come the Day of Black Bartholomew and the Chamberlain who then screwed his courage to the place, not of sticking, but of resigning, over his hearers. Indeed, the wrongs of this good man (who surely would wish his illustrious descendant to display a more Christian spirit) have, it seems, roused Mr. Chamberlain to something like a pious frenzy. "I am a Dissenter," cries he; and the assembled Welshmen, who were, except Mr. Osborne Morgan, probably Dissenters too, cheered vociferously. In a general way it is not quite obvious what Mr. Chamberlain's being a Dissenter has to do with the advantages of bisecting the Reform Bill. But Mr. Chamberlain's determination to avenge the wrongs of his treasured and seemingly unique ancestor on the House of Lords—wrong which, by the way, he described with a great deal of remarkably imaginative historical detail—was, as is indeed usual with this eminent religionist, quite logical. Mr. Chamberlain was taking the advice of his latest colleague in the Cabinet, and "letting everything go in," the particular something which went in being, in this case, Nonconformist hatred of the Church of England. Now in doing this Mr. Chamberlain could have had only two motives. The existing dispute has absolutely nothing to do with the quarrel between Church and Dissent; that will not be denied by any sober man. Either, then, Mr. Chamberlain was seeking to stir up the sectarian feelings of his audience solely as a means to excite them against the House of Lords, and in favour of the Bill which the Lords are supposed to be opposing, or he must have meant that the Franchise Bill, if carried, would make an attack on the Church of England easier, and would be soon followed by such an attack. Unless he was talking mere random nonsense, which he does not often talk, one or perhaps both of these motives must have been the motive in his appeal to the memory of his revered ancestor, in his assertion that he is a Dissenter, and in his observation that the Dissenters have an account to settle with the House of Lords.

Now all this was not bad fun in itself, and not bad fun even on Tuesday morning, when most people read about Mr. Chamberlain's ancestor and Mr. Chamberlain's enthusiasm for Dissent, and Mr. Chamberlain's Christian determination to have it out with the House of Lords about that little matter of the Black Bartholomew's Day and other things, and Mr. Chamberlain's inventive familiarity with English history, and all the rest of it. But it was much better fun on Thursday, when Mr. Gladstone's letter to the Bishop of St. Asaph (the very diocese in which Mr. Chamberlain had been breathing fire and flames about the Church) on the subject of Establishment and Disestablishment appeared. That letter also had not a little that was amusing in itself. It was not, indeed, quite so amusing as the *Times* made it. According to the *Times*, Mr. Gladstone made the remark that "most of those who were burnt under Mary were Puritans under Elizabeth"—a proposition clearly involving either miracle or metempsychosis. A full stop at "Puritans" which other versions give, unluckily deprives the sentence of its interest. The letter, however, had much other interest of its own. It is true that Mr. Gladstone's formulation of the aspects of the advent of Disestablishment was remarkably like some of Lady Blanche's speeches about the "mighty must" and the "inevitable shall" in *Princess Ida*, and that his answer, or, rather, refusal to answer the questions he formulated was still more like a greater personage whom he follows yearly with close steps. "For why? Which way? If so, why not? Therefore," represents picturesquely but with much fidelity Mr. Gladstone's dealings with the questions whether Disestablishment must, will, and ought to come, and if so, when. Mr. Gladstone, too, like Mr. Chamberlain, is historical. He is, indeed, a little more accurate, though perhaps not quite impeccable, and his survey of the Variations of the Anglican Church (as Bossuet would have put it) has in its quaint absence of apparent adjustment to the very practical question whether he, Mr. Gladstone, means to go in for Disestablishment or not, a sufficient likeness to Mr. Chamberlain's impassioned request to the people of Wales to stand by the Franchise Bill because he, Mr. Chamberlain, is a Dissenter and had an ancestor. But whatever characteristic ambiguities and inconsistencies the letter had, it may at least be taken as showing that Mr. Gladstone still wishes to be considered an ardent Churchman, and that he is desirous of urging other ardent Churchmen to avoid mistakes which might tend to bring about Disestablishment. Now a man does not earnestly urge others to avoid mistakes which may tend to bring about an object which he has at heart, and so we conclude that, despite

the remarkable Bunbyisms of its beginning, the letter goes to show that Mr. Gladstone does not wish for Disestablishment, is attached to the Church, and if he does not think the Church's history altogether immaculate, certainly does not think it altogether discreditable. Whether these conclusions might or might not have been reached without the assistance of this pronouncement of the oracle does not matter; it is sufficient that we can reach them with its assistance, and with as much confidence as a wise man ever feels in regard to any utterance of the particular oracle in question.

Now let us look on this picture and on this. Here is Mr. Chamberlain on Monday, at Denbigh, shouting "I am a Dissenter," and swearing by the bones of his ancestors that he will have it out with somebody and everybody in the cause of Dissent. Here is Mr. Gladstone (in his letter, if not in the flesh), at St. Asaph, on Wednesday, modestly, but firmly, announcing that he is a Churchman, and, like a *vir pietate gravis* as he is, giving rules and directions by which the Church may be strengthened and defended against all the efforts of Mr. Chamberlain to revenge that slaughtered, or at least deprived, saint his ancestor on the wicked heads of Lords and Churchmen. It is about five miles, if we are not mistaken, from Denbigh to St. Asaph; how many miles is it from Mr. Chamberlain's speech to Mr. Gladstone's letter? The President of the Board of Trade, with a nobility of speech and action suggesting, and doubtless suggested by, memories, mingled and a little confused, of Hannibal, Virginius, Sir James Douglas, General Dalziel (but he was a wicked prelatist and persecutor), the Black Brunswickers, and a few other heroic personages, exhumes that precious ancestor of his and vows eternal fidelity to Dissent and vengeance on her enemies. The First Lord of the Treasury with devout and learned zeal points out how the walls of the stronghold of the enemies of Dissent are to be made stronger, and its guns re-furnished with ammunition and its garrison drilled and heartened. "Down with it! down with it! even to the ground," says Mr. Chamberlain. For the theory that Dissenters as such have any objection to the House of Lords, except that more of them would like to be in it than are, is too childish to bear examination for a moment. "Up with it! up with it!" says Mr. Gladstone, for it would be scarcely less childish to suppose that a man gives grave counsel for averting something which he is anxious shall befall. Now this is certainly a very pretty kind of union among colleagues. Mr. Chamberlain, at any rate, cannot afford to say that sectarian aspirations have nothing to do with the question of the hour; for, if so, why did he appeal to them, and disturb the venerable dust of a precious witness at once to the truth of Dissent and the antiquity of the Chamberlain family? Mr. Gladstone, despite his eloquent enforcement of the doctrine in *omnibus caritas*, would have to exhaust the resources of Bunbyism to inculcate charity between those who want to pull the Church of England down and those who want to build it up. The mere scoffer will, of course, say that there is nothing new in it all, and that desire to gain or keep office necessarily obliges men sometimes to keep very bad company. He will also urge that the advantages of this peculiar kind of united family are numerous and plain. It will be remembered that the historian of a more ordinary and literal kind of united family has put into the mouth of his fair speaker the mild complaint

We cannot all have Frederick B.  
In our United Family.

But Hood forgot to observe that the agreement of the sisters involved another awkwardness. Not only could they not all have Frederick B., but they must dislike and probably offend all sighing youth except Frederick B. Now the remarkable fashion of union which prevails in the Ministry completely escapes this difficulty. Mr. Chamberlain shouts "I am a Dissenter" to some hundreds of excited Welsh Dissenters, and they cheer him to the echo; Mr. Gladstone writes to "My dear Lord Bishop," and the *Daily News* informs us that the reverend assemblage to which the letter was read agreed that it was "a magnificent letter, and one worthy of the Premier's transcendent abilities." And so everybody is pleased. Somehow or other, though, the combined proceedings bring to mind a motto of which they are very fond in Wales, and which a benighted Saxon is said to have once translated "*Labouchere v. Yates*," regardless of the fact that there is no such case on record, and that the meaning is different. *Y gwir yn erbyn y byd* is the motto, and any one who will take the trouble to find out its actual signification will see how appropriate it is to the Ministry which spoke by the mouth of Mr. Chamberlain on Monday, and by the mouth of Mr. Gladstone on Wednesday in this week of grace.

#### THE BATTLES AT NEWBURY.

IN the first half of the seventeenth century the town of Newbury was a much more important place than now. It had not only a considerable trade in cloths of its own, but from its position it in a manner commanded the traffic between London and the West. The famous Castle of Donnington, once, so tradition says, the home of Chaucer, and Basing House, Lord Winchester's still more famous stronghold, kept the keys of the western roads. When the latter fell, after the memorable siege in 1645, Cromwell advised the Parliament to "have it utterly slighted," and concentrate their strength at Newbury. "If you please," he wrote, "to take the Garrison at Farnham, some out of Chichester, and a good part

of the foot which were here under Dalbier, and to make a strong Quarter at Newbury with three or four troops of horse—I dare be confident it would not only be a curb to Donnington, but a security and a frontier to all these parts; inasmuch as Newbury lies upon the River, and will prevent any incursion from Donnington, Wallingford, or Farringdon into these parts; and by lying there, will make the trade most secure between Bristol and London for all carriages." It was inevitable almost that any body of men moving about between those cities would sooner or later come together at Newbury. So it happened that twice within a space of thirteen months the town became the battleground between the forces of Charles and the Parliament, first on September 20, 1643, and then again on October 27, 1644. Both battles were stubbornly fought, and neither was decisive. The first is, perhaps, most generally remembered, for the death of Falkland and for Clarendon's splendid tribute to the memory of that "martyr of sweetness and light." But the second was the most important in results. It was, in truth, the turning-point of the war, the final rupture between Presbytery and Independency, between the aristocratic element in Parliament, the "high Essexes and Manchesters, of limited notions and large estates and anxieties" (to use Carlyle's words), and the thoroughgoing party of whom Cromwell then began first to be accepted as head. From the quarrels which followed this second battle of Newbury rose the Self-denying Ordinance, the New-Model Army, and the fortunes of Oliver Cromwell.

Essex, after raising the siege of Gloucester, had profited by the negligence of the Royal cavalry ("always," says Clarendon, "a common and fatal crime throughout the war on the King's part") to slip by night out of Tewkesbury, whither he had marched from Gloucester, and get well away on his road back to London. He had taken Cirencester, some three hundred prisoners, and, which was more just than to his purpose, a good store of provisions, before it was even known that he had left Tewkesbury. But when word was at last brought to Charles that Essex had gone, and by which road, he was quick enough. While the army of the Parliament was toiling through the deep and narrow lanes by Cricklade and Swindon, Rupert with all his horse, some five thousand strong, was flying over the hills night and day like a whirlwind, while the King followed, scarce less quickly, with the foot. On September 18 Essex, while crossing Enborne Chase with the intention of resting his men that night in Newbury, was surprised by Rupert, whom he supposed to be twenty miles or more behind him. There was a brisk skirmish, in which the Marquis Vieuxville, a gallant young Frenchman serving as a volunteer in Lord Jermyn's regiment, was killed, and Essex was forced to fall back on Hungerford. This delay let Charles come up with his main body, and when next morning Essex resumed his march to Newbury, he found the town held by the enemy in force.

The King's position was a very strong one. It was on a ridge of open and level ground stretching from the town to the "Wash," covered by the guns of Donnington and commanding the London road. It could be approached only by a steep and narrow lane, in which no more than six men could march abreast, and where neither guns nor cavalry could be brought into use. Essex would have been glad enough to avoid an engagement, but the rashness of some of the King's young officers (who came on in their shirts "as if rather to triumph than to fight") left him no alternative. Putting himself at the head of the London train-bands he led them up the lane in person, and was fortunate enough to get into the open ground and form his squares before the King's cavalry could get at them. Here the fighting was very hot. Again and again did Rupert, with shouts of "Queen Mary in the field," fling himself at the head of his Cavaliers on those stubborn pikes, and again and again had they to fall back "not wheeling but reeling" from the shock. It was in one of the first of these charges that Falkland fell, shot from behind a hedge in the middle of the body as he was riding in the front rank of Sir John Byron's regiment. And there, too, fell Carnarvon, who, amid a crowd of his laughing comrades, had that morning measured with his sword the gateway of the town, to see if "there were room for Essex's horns to pass when they brought him in a prisoner," and whose own body was brought in through that gate at evening, flung carelessly across a horse "like a calf." Meanwhile, Essex had at last got some of his guns into action, and Sir Philip Stapleton bringing up the cavalry at the same time, the Royalists began to be pressed in their turn. An attempt to get down the hill and take the enemy in the rear was promptly checked by Skippon, though some of the Royal soldiers had decked their helmets with bunches of furze and broom, in imitation of the Parliament men, and came on calling loudly, "Friends, friends." After six hours' hard fighting Essex had made his position good at one end of the ridge which the King had held in the morning, but he could not advance; as at Waterloo, it was a case of "hard pounding, gentlemen," neither side being able to do more than hold their own. Essex himself is said to have shown conspicuous gallantry; and on being prayed by his friends to doff his white hat, which made him too notable a mark for the enemy, to have answered, "It is not the hat but the heart; the hat is not capable either of fear or honour." Charles, also, is reported to have been in the thick of the fighting, and to have laid and fired a gun with his own hand. But the glory of the day belonged by common consent to the London train-bands. While the Royal musketeers were playing their hottest on them, and the Royal cavalry shouting, and cursing, and slashing all round them like madmen, they stood, in the words of an eloquent eye-witness,

"like a grove of pines in a day of wind or tempest; they only moved their heads or arms, but kept their footing sure." And Clarendon, a less partial and soberer authority, bears the same testimony:—"The London train'd bands and Auxiliary Regiments (of whose inexperience of danger, on any kind of Service, beyond the easy practice of their Postures in the Artillery Garden, Men had till then too cheap an estimation) behaved themselves to wonder; and were in truth the preservation of that Army that day."

From seven in the morning till seven at night the fight lasted, and when the darkness put an end to it, the Parliament troops bivouacked on the position they had won, while Charles withdrew his men within the town. Besides Falkland and Carnarvon he lost that day the young Earl of Sunderland, "a lord of great fortune, tender years, and an early judgment," while the number of wounded among his officers was large, the Lords Andover, Carlisle, and Peterborough, with Sir Charles Lucas, Sir John Russell, and many others. To the Parliament the most conspicuous loss seems to have been that of George Massey, the gallant defender of Gloucester. Despite the boasting on either side—and the two party organs of the time, *Mercurius Britannicus* and *Mercurius Aulicus*, contradict and flout each other like certain famous editors of our own day—there was little to choose between them. Perhaps the loss to Charles of such a man as Falkland may be held to have given the balance to the Parliament.

On the morrow Charles lay quiet in Newbury watching Essex pass by on his way to Reading. But when he had cleared the town and got among the narrow country roads, Rupert with Wilmot and Northampton sallied out at the head of a strong body of horse and foot, and fell on his rear, at a place which to this day goes by the name of "Dead Man's Lane." The Parliament cavalry broke at the first shock, and galloped in confusion through their own ranks; but the citizens again stood firm, "not willing now to lose their honour, which they knew was gained by fighting and not by flying." They managed to get one or two guns into action, and among those close-packed masses the shot did terrible execution, making, in the graphic words of one present, "in the midst of the lane a new lane among them." Rupert had three horses shot under him, and lost over a hundred of his men. The loss on the other side was probably much greater, but still Essex managed to make his way good into Reading, while Charles a few days later retired to his winter quarters in Oxford.

The year 1644 opened well for the Royalists. The Solemn League and Covenant was sworn, indeed, and a Scotch army crossed the Tweed. But Newcastle in the North, and Byron with the regiments from Ireland in the Western Midlands, for a time carried all before them. Rupert, too, was busy raising the sieges of York and Newark and of Lathom Castle, where the famous Countess Charlotte of Derby had held her house against Fairfax and Rigby for four months. He took Bolton also by storm, and Liverpool fell to Lord Derby. Then the tide turned. A series of misfortunes culminated in the crushing defeat at Marston Moor and in the ruin of the Royal cause through all the north. Newcastle gave up the game and went over sea; and Rupert, in Mr. Green's picturesque phrase, "with hardly a man at his back, rode southward to Oxford." But in the south and west the King still held his own. Waller had been badly beaten at Cropredy Bridge two days before the battle at Marston. Essex, hemmed in between the King and Prince Maurice on the Cornish coast, made his escape by sea to London, while his whole body of foot laid down their arms, the horse alone managing, with terrible loss, to cut their way through the Royal lines. The victories of Montrose at Tippermuir, Perth, and Aberdeen kept the Scotch army near the border, and Charles once more set his face to London. Then the Parliament bestirred themselves. Manchester and Waller united their forces, together with the remnant that had been saved out of Cornwall, and, marching by way of Basingstoke and Reading, came upon the King once again at Newbury.

The army of the Parliament was much the strongest in numbers, though of the force on either side there is no exact record. But Charles, though looking eagerly for Rupert and Northampton, who had been despatched to the relief of Banbury, had, as in the former battle, the best of the position, and was in no mood to refuse an engagement had a refusal been possible. The bulk of his army was at the suburb of Speen, to the north-west of the town, under the guns of Donnington, which was still held by the gallant Boys. Here was Prince Maurice with his troops, both horse and foot, fresh from their Cornish triumph, and here was the artillery, including the guns taken from Essex. They were strongly posted on a small heath, covered by the Lambourne and some earthworks. The King himself was quartered at a house in the other suburb of Shaw, nearer the enemy's lines; and in the oak wainscot of the drawing-room the mark is still shown of a bullet said to have been fired at him as he was dressing for dinner the evening before the battle. Shaw also had been fortified, and the defence entrusted to Sir Jacob Astley and Colonels Lisle and Page. Manchester commanded the army of the Parliament, with Waller, Skippon, and Cromwell under him, the latter at the head of a brigade of cavalry.

There had been some preliminary skirmishing on the 25th and 26th; but it was on Sunday, October 27th, that the real business began. Manchester had divided his forces; he himself with a strong contingent, which was largely reinforced later in the day, was to attack the suburb of Shaw; while Waller, with the main body, was to make his way across the Kennett on to Speen Hill. A little before daybreak Manchester advanced.



his men "singing of psalms as they went." As usual the Royal outposts kept careless watch, and Manchester had got into the village before the alarm was given. Then, however, it fared but ill with him. Astley's dragoons plied their muskets fast, while Lisle (whose "only armour was a good holland shirt") and Page led their men gallantly to the defence. Lisle seems indeed to have been very much the hero of the day. A contemporary report gives a most minute and quaint account of his proceedings. "In the first charge his field-word was *For the Crown*, and then he beat them back and knocked them down both with bullet and musket-shot; in the second his word was *For Prince Charles*, and then he cut them off as they came on and hewed them down sufficiently as they ran away; in the third it was *For the Duke of York*, and then he slashed them so home that they troubled him no more, for had they come again he resolved to have gone over all the King's children, till he had not left one rebel to fight against the Crown or the Royal progeny." It is not to be supposed, however, that Manchester and his men really fared so badly. They could not carry the village, and they suffered severely; but they kept the Royal troops on that side much too busy to go to the help of their comrades on Speen Hill.

And there help was wanted badly. Waller, after waiting in vain till nearly three in the afternoon for news from Manchester's success, gave the word to advance. He himself commanded the cavalry, while Skippon had charge of the foot. Crossing the river, which was left almost unguarded, no attack being thought probable so late in the day, they made their way on to the heath, driving in the cavalry posted there ("many of whom," says Clarendon, "upon confidence of security of the Pass, were gone to provide Forage for their Horse"), and taking a battery of guns, including some of those lost in Cornwall, which were welcomed with "a Cornish hug." Clearing the village of Speen with little resistance, Waller came out on to the open ground between it and Newbury, where was the King in person, with most of Maurice's troops. At first the Royal soldiers showed some symptoms of disorder; and, had it not been for a timely charge of Sir John Cansfield, at the head of the Queen's horse, it might have gone ill with Charles. But Sir John drove Waller's right wing back, and gave Goring time to bring Cleveland's brigade into action on the left. This he did very brilliantly, leading his men over some broken and fenced ground with so much vigour and effect that Waller's horse were completely broken and scattered. The foot, however, still stood firm, the train-bands again playing their part bravely; and, with the village of Speen and the most of the guns in their hands, the Parliament's claim to victory must have been allowed had Manchester fared better on the other side of the town. As it was, neither party were very sorry when darkness put a stop to the fighting. It is impossible to determine who suffered most. As usual, each side is positive that their opponents lost twice as many as they did. Skippon's report to Parliament places his loss at not more than fifty men and only one officer of note, Captain Gauler, "a most forward stout man." On the other hand, the sprightly *Mercurius Aulicus* boasts "above a dozen rebels" to have fallen "for one loyal subject"; while Clarendon more soberly contents himself with the general assertion that "there were very many more killed of the Enemy than of the King's Army." Lord Cleveland was taken prisoner, his horse having fallen with him in Goring's brilliant charge, and Lord Brentford, Sir John Cansfield, Sir John Grenville, and Colonel Page were among the wounded.

About ten o'clock Charles, leaving his baggage and such guns as remained to him in charge of Boys at Donnington, drew off his men to Wallingford. The night was clear and still, and his movements must have been plain to the enemy. No attempt, however, was made to stop him, and, more curiously still, when, a few days later, reinforced by Rupert and Northampton, he marched back to Donnington to redeem his guns and revictual the garrison, Manchester lay idly within his lines, and hindered neither his going nor coming. "With drums beating and trumpets sounding," the King marched from Donnington over the heath past Newbury, where the enemy were now quartered, with open offer of battle. But the offer was not accepted. Cromwell, indeed, is said to have entreated Manchester to move, or at least to permit him and his own brigade to accept the challenge; but from a retort made by the earl in Parliament to Cromwell's charge of backwardness and negligence, it seems as though the latter may not have been altogether immaculate. It is at any rate certain that nothing was done. By Hungerford and Abingdon the King returned to his usual winter quarters at Oxford, while Manchester and Cromwell went on to the capital to fight their quarrel out at Westminster.

#### HAMLET AT THE PRINCESS'S.

THE Hamlet of Mr. Wilson Barrett has been accepted with a tempered praise which is still in excess of its deserts. The critics have dwelt upon the care and labour which the actor has bestowed upon the production, and doubtless in his capacities of player and manager Mr. Barrett has done everything that care and labour can effect; but all this goes only a very little way towards an interpretation of Shakespeare's Hamlet. One glimpse into the exquisite poetry and romance with which the great tragedy is so richly charged would be of infinitely more value than all the very commendable painstaking; and such a glimpse Mr. Barrett is

unable to furnish. His chief desire has apparently been to make his Hamlet original, and it is an original Hamlet, inasmuch as it is essentially commonplace. Between the melodramatic actor and the tragedian there is a great gulf which Mr. Barrett vainly strives to cross. He shows nothing but the husk of Hamlet; of the higher qualities which give the Prince of Denmark life and soul no trace is perceptible. Mr. Barrett cannot be more utterly opposed than we are to the old-fashioned formal Hamlet who strutted and fretted his hour on the stage, and was only successful in showing how far he could depart from the admirable advice which he himself gives to the players. There was a quaint humour about the robustious periwig-pated Hamlet who did everything which he told the players an actor ought not to do, who sawed the air continually with his hand, used nothing gently, and was lost in the whirlwind of mock passion. But it is possible to give a perfectly natural delivery of blank verse without reducing it to the level of an everyday comment on the state of the weather. The making of points is hateful, because this is a theatrical trick; at the same time it is no proof of art to slur over words and lines which are of special significance. Hamlet himself commends the player who

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That from her working all his visage wann'd,  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit.

This player did not underact, though Hecuba was nothing to him; yet the new Hamlet who asks

Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have?

trips lightly through the speeches, and when he believes that he has slain his father's murderer asks "Is it the King?" in an airy casual way as if the answer were of no importance whatever. All this is a reaction against the formal school, and, like many reactions, goes a great deal too far.

Mr. Wilson Barrett represents Hamlet as a youth, the appearance of the Queen giving force to the idea, and perhaps of necessity the old discussion about Hamlet's age is revived. We are loth to add much to the familiar controversy. On one side are the facts that Polonius says of Hamlet "he is young," that the Ghost speaks of a tale which would "freeze thy young blood," and calls his son "thou noble youth," and that Horatio advises his fellow-watchers to impart "unto young Hamlet" what they have seen. The First Quarto (1603) has the line with reference to Yorick's skull which the Gravedigger casts up, "Look you, here's a scull bath bin here these dozen years"; but, on the other hand, the First Quarto is not accepted as the assured utterance of Shakespeare; to Polonius and to the late King, Hamlet would seem young at the thirty years which the First Folio proves him to have been; and Horatio would not unnaturally speak of "young Hamlet" from habit, the late King having been Hamlet to the Court. It is really of no very great importance whether Hamlet is made twenty years old or thirty. Shakespeare was dead when the First Folio was published (1623), but his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, who are responsible for the text of the Folio, claim accuracy for it; their words, "We have scarce received from him (Shakespeare) a blot on his papers," seem to show that this version was the true one. Horne Tooke gave his opinion that "the First Folio is the only edition worth regarding," and if this be so, there is a unity of evidence to prove that Hamlet was thirty. In his eager search for originality at all expense, that other actors should have made Hamlet of this age is enough to induce Mr. Barrett to make him younger. That the speech "Seems, Madam! nay, it is; I know not seems" is usually spoken in the tones of mournfulness which appear so befitting, is a reason why the new Hamlet should scold his mother; he rates her peevishly, and the King's reference to "unmanly grief," to the "sweet and commendable" nature of Hamlet's mourning, and to his "unprevailing woe" are out of place after the manner of Hamlet's rejoinder to the Queen. The burst of laughter from the King's chamber which interrupts Hamlet's soliloquy, and occasions his remark, "That it should come to this!" is quite legitimately effective. Significance is added to the line, and the speech is strengthened. The soliloquies need such extraneous aid, for Mr. Barrett impetuously reels them off with very little suggestion of the idea that Hamlet is uttering his thoughts. This Hamlet is not the moody, reflective Prince with his flashes of impulsiveness, but an energetic young man who is vexed with his mother and very much incensed against his uncle-father. Mr. Barrett's invention has flagged in considering the scene with the Ghost. He does indifferently what has been done before; and, as for the Ghost itself, there is nothing at all in the colloquial affability of its address to show that it could approach to what it professes to be able to accomplish, harrow up the Prince's soul, freeze his young blood, make his two eyes like stars start from their spheres, and the rest. The idea seems to be that the ghost of King Hamlet should be as King Hamlet was in the flesh. There is no arguing from solid premisses about ghosts; but King Hamlet would have spoken solemnly when speaking of solemn things; and the Ghost is solemn in no degree. What effect his father's spirit has on Hamlet is proved by what he says when the glowworm's uneffectual fire has paled and the spectre has vanished, "O, all you host of heaven!" but in the interview between the new Hamlet and the Ghost there is certainly nothing to make the son's sinews grow instant old.

A very prominent weakness in Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is the

want of the distinction of manner which belongs to the Prince. It is this that makes the true Hamlet's unaffected courtesy to the players so gracious, and adds so much to his scenes with Horatio and with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. It may be very reasonably assumed that some of the attributes of nobility which the Prince describes in his father are reproduced in the son, and the want of them here is severely felt. There is much to commend, however, in the general rearrangement of the tragedy, and no just cause why the Play Scene should not be given in the open air, as it is here, in the orchard where King Hamlet was murdered. A disastrous want of passion marks Hamlet's wildly hysterical utterances when the King, frightened with false fire, has fled to the retirement where the marvellous distemper seizes him. It was the custom of Edmund Kean to crawl on his hands and knees from the feet of Ophelia to the foot of the throne and vehemently hiss out the words, "He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate." Many Hamlets have followed suit. Mr. Barrett springs upon the vacant stage, and with uncontrolled gestures cries out the line, "Why let the stricken deer go weep!" One course is just as good as the other, and any course is right if only the passion be true and strong. Hamlet has only to show wild exultance in the success of his scheme, an exultance which he does not seek to restrain before Horatio, who knows his secret, but which he checks when the two courtiers who are sent to spy on him appear. Unhappily in passion and in pathos Mr. Barrett is alike feeble and constrained. We seek to lay down no law as to the manner in which Hamlet should be played, but it is certain that sympathy should be raised and imagination excited by the actor, and herein Mr. Barrett's very respectable and well-meant attempt falls sadly short. In the scene with his mother there is no shade of that exquisite tenderness which made Mr. Irving's Hamlet here so supremely touching. The soul of Nero never does enter the real Hamlet's bosom, filial love shines through his reproach, and sometimes only love and infinite pity are in his words. So Mr. Irving's Hamlet spoke, and the result was deeply to move the spectator who is not a whit moved by this scene at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Barrett is not deficient in stage craft, however, and the incident of the two pictures is decidedly well contrived. The text, no doubt, suggests that these pictures were of full length. Evidently the original idea was that the two likenesses were on the tapestry of the Queen's closet, for a miniature would not reveal, what Hamlet points out in his father's picture,

A station like the herald Mercury  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

Nevertheless, there is ingenuity in Mr. Barrett's idea. A portrait of her husband is on the Queen's table, close to which Hamlet stands, as he describes the act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty. He sees the painting, takes it in his hand, draws from his own breast his father's miniature, and begins the speech,

Look here, upon this picture and on this.

The new arrangement, which makes the act proceed and include what are marked off in modern editions as the first three scenes of the fourth act, has been commended. It is well that the King's first design against Hamlet's life, often omitted altogether in representation, should be shown; but there was much appropriateness nevertheless in the ending which makes the curtain fall on the Queen's closet. The want of distinction already deplored weakens the scene with the Gravedigger; neither the pity for Ophelia nor the wrath against Laertes is quite of the right breed. There is not that necessary change from the tempestuous outburst, "Swounds, show me what thou'lt do!" to the gentle remonstrance—

Hear you, sir;  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I loved you ever—

a change which the Queen describes in the beautiful lines—

Thus awhile the fit will work on him;  
Anon as patient as the female dove  
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,  
His silence will sit drooping.

In all things we fail to recognize the veritable Prince. The change of foils was apparently not made quite according to design on the evening of our visit. Laertes misses his thrust; the weapon passes by Hamlet's right side; and he then takes it in his hand. Why he should retain the unbated and envenomed weapon, and hand his own foil to Laertes is by no means obvious. Laertes chose his foil presumably because it suited him in weight and balance, and it is not courteous on Hamlet's part to dispossess his adversary of a suitable weapon. Mr. Barrett does not, of course, descend to the gross absurdity which Signor Salvini perpetrates in disarming Laertes and placing his foot on the weapon, knowing it to be pointed, and desiring revenge for the thrust he has felt; but the latest method is clumsy and ineffectual. The killing of the King is feebly contrived, and the death is cruelly bare of the pathos which Shakspeare suggests. Mr. Barrett's voice has no tone which touches the heart. To make Horatio hold before Hamlet's dying eyes his father's picture is well enough. We recognize the thoughtfulness of the whole study, but at no part of the play can we see Hamlet and forget the actor.

A striking feature in the performance is Mr. Willard's delivery of the King's remorseful speech, "O my offence is rank, it smells to heaven." Miss Eastlake gives a generally effective presentation of Ophelia, and sound work is done by Mr. Speakman as the First Actor and Mr. George Barrett as the Gravedigger. The Polonius of Mr. Clifford Cooper and the Queen of Miss Leighton

have also merit. Mr. Frank Cooper as Laertes is somewhat weak, and Mr. Crauford as Horatio still weaker. The Ghost is very poorly done by Mr. Dewhurst. The scenery is picturesque, and the mounting generally is adequate without erring on the side of over-display. A tragedy well arranged for the stage is like an ingeniously constructed lamp. Without the sparks of genius to illumine it dulness remains.

The shallowness of much modern criticism is displayed in the remarks made by a contemporary about the cut of Hamlet's "suit of sables." The critic of this journal clearly misconceives not only the meaning of the word, but the significance of the whole passage. Hamlet, bitterly scornful at the speed with which his father has been forgotten, says, in answer to Ophelia's innocent statement that the late King had been dead "twice two months," "Nay, then, let the Devil wear black, but I'll have a suit of sables." The idea is, let the Devil wear black, I will not do so; on the contrary, I will wear handsome attire, and have "a suit of sables," of the richest fur known, that is to say. A sable suit and a suit of sables are different things, little as our contemporary may suspect it.

#### THE JOHNSON CENTENARY AND THE TIMES.

THE world is a good deal wiser than we had thought. The Mayor of Lichfield has weighed it in the balance and not found it wanting in sense. He has kept up, moreover, the high reputation of his fellow-citizens. "We are a city of philosophers," said Johnson of his native town. If his worship has not altogether proved that he is a philosopher, at all events he has shown that he is by no means wanting in common sense. There was some kind of a demand, it seems, that the hundredth anniversary of Johnson's death should be kept, and kept at his birthplace. The Mayor was willing to do all that a Mayor can, and he had the support of his brother aldermen. But if "robes and furred gowns hide all," they cannot do everything. They form no doubt what is called an important feature in a centenary, but they are only a feature. Centenaries cannot be celebrated for nothing. Cheap honour is worthless. Lichfield thinks that she has done her part in giving birth to Johnson. It was for others to flock together with their offerings to her market-place where his house still stands. If they liked to honour him by blessing her with a public library, a wing to the hospital, or even a fountain, she would graciously accept the guardianship of the gift. But serious citizens, "the most sober, decent people in England, the gentlest in proportion to their wealth"—we are again quoting Johnson—were not likely recklessly to run into an outlay unless they were sure that there were funds to meet it. The Mayor therefore, by a circular, took the opinion of the public. Those who wished that the centenary should be celebrated were invited to send their suggestions and—their subscriptions. Twenty-one correspondents in all—excluding six "who communicated with the Mayor from a trading point of view"—have sent in a favourable reply; but "their offers of pecuniary assistance were," we are told, "trivial." We should be curious, by the way, to know how many of the twenty-one were poets, and how many odes they offered. The celebration, of course, has dropped through; and Johnson's ghost will not be vexed by a troop of busybodies who, under the pretence of doing honour to him, would be in reality seeking importance for themselves. He had, indeed, set an example which those who have any care for his memory could not but follow. He had steadily refused to take any part in the ridiculous Shakspeare Jubilee, in which Boswell, to his great satisfaction, and no doubt in entire forgetfulness of Shakspeare, strutted about in the dress of a Corsican chief, wearing a cap on the front of which was embroidered in golden letters "Viva la Libertà." The Mayor and Aldermen of Lichfield may well sigh when they hear of the success of that famous festival. So pleased with it were the Stratford Committee that two years later they asked Garrick "to join them in celebrating a Jubilee every year as the most likely method to promote the interest and the reputation of their town." Boswell caught at this proposal eagerly, and wrote to the great actor:—"I please myself with the prospect of attending you at several more Jubilees at Stratford-upon-Avon."

If, as has been said, the greatest honour that can be done to an author is to quote him, then perhaps the best preparation for celebrating his centenary is to begin to read his works and his Life. Johnson's writings are but little known; and now the *Times*, in a leading article on the Mayor's letter, has said:—"We might even hint that 'Boswell's Life' is less studied than it ought to be." Most certainly it is less studied than it ought to be; but the writer might very well spare his hints. We shall next expect to find some condemned murderer, just before he is turned off, venturing to hint that the Sixth Commandment is less rigorously kept than it ought to be. Once Johnson, when asked why he did not set some conceited young fellow right, replied that he was afraid to show him the depths of his ignorance. This fear shall not touch us. We shall not be afraid of showing the author of this leading article that he knows nothing of the subject with which he pretends to be so familiar. What, for instance, can be grosser in a professed Boswellian than the ignorance that this hinter shows of Johnson's connexion with Lichfield?

Samuel [he writes] very early left his birthplace, shaking the dust off his shoes as he went, for he had not met with much kindness from his fellow-citizens. He would not even consent to be married in Lichfield, but took his elderly bride, the widow Porter, to Birmingham for this purpose.



He did reappear two or three times at the home of his childhood, and on one occasion, as is well known, stood bareheaded in the market-place for an hour to atone for insulting words which he had there used to his father when a boy.

Let our readers first notice the condescending familiarity with which the writer speaks of Johnson as Samuel. In some experience of biographies, we have noticed that this patronising use of the Christian name is almost as certain a sign of ignorance as it is of conceit. The present case assuredly is not an exception to the rule; for, in truth, it would be hard to find a dozen lines in which more errors are crowded than are to be found in this luckless passage. So far was Johnson from leaving his birthplace very early that he was full twenty-eight years old when he finally left it. The dust he did not shake off his shoes, for from his fellow-citizens he had met with much kindness. Boswell says that "Johnson [not Samuel] was so far fortunate that the respectable character of his parents and his own merit had from his earliest years secured him a kind reception in the best families at Lichfield." As for his marriage, there was never, so far as is known, any question of its being performed in his native town. Mrs. Porter lived at Birmingham, and in Birmingham, therefore, he should have been married. But for some reason which was unknown to Boswell the ceremony took place at Derby. He not only reappeared at Lichfield two or three times after his marriage, but he lived with his wife in its neighbourhood for about a year and a half. He then left it for London, but he soon returned, and stayed in it three months more. In the long years of poverty that he afterwards had to face, he certainly did not visit his birthplace; but in those days, if we measure distances by the duration of the journey, Lichfield was as far from London as Marseilles is now. Nevertheless in his enforced absence he did what he could. In his Dictionary, under the article *Lich* he thus hailed "with reverence" the city which had given him birth:—"Lichfield, the field of the dead, a city in Staffordshire, so named from martyred Christians. *Salve magna parens*." After his pension had made him easy in money matters he visited it at least a dozen times. Once he took Boswell with him, who says that his great friend ever retained for it a warm affection. Johnson, humorously describing this visit to Wilkes, said:—"I lately showed Boswell genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Lichfield, my native city, that he might see for once real civility; for you know he lives among savages in Scotland, and among rakes in London." He boasted that there the purest English was spoken in all England. In his Letters to Mrs. Thrale he pleasantly describes the changes that the town had seen. "I am not," he writes, "wholly unaffected by the revolutions of Sadler Street [at the corner of which stood his own house]; nor can forbear to mourn a little when old names vanish away, and new come into their place." On his death-bed he did not forget the old city. "He meditated a devise of his house to the Corporation," but the statute of mortmain stood in the way. If the writer in the *Times* thus passes over the visits which Johnson did pay, he assigns to him one which he did not pay. It was not in the market-place of Lichfield, but of Uttoxeter, as every one, we should have thought, knew, that the old man stood bareheaded in the rain. How long he stood we are not told. The writer says an hour. Neither had he used, as we read in the article, insulting words to his father. He had merely been disobedient. "I refused," he said, "to attend my father to Uttoxeter market." Neither are we told that this happened when he was a boy. It is much more likely that he was at the time a young man, and too old for the rod.

In another passage the writer says that "Johnson had not even scholarship as it was understood in those days. His Dictionary shows that he was no etymologist, and he had in fact very little taste for language." Yet one of the greatest scholars of last century, Dr. Parr, writing after Johnson's death, says:—"Upon his correct and profound knowledge of the Latin language I have always spoken with unusual zeal and unusual confidence." That he was no etymologist is true; but in etymology he was at least equal to his contemporaries. The very foundations of the science had not in his time been laid. But to say that he had very little taste for language—unless by language the writer means etymology—is ridiculous in the extreme. In language from his youth up his constant practice had lain, and in language his chief excellency and his strength were displayed. As a writer his style has, no doubt, great faults, but it has also great merits. Whatever it was, it was the child of taste—perhaps not a very correct taste—and the result of hard work and constant practice. As a talker his style was unsurpassed. "His conversational aptitudes," continues the writer, "were wholly undiscernible to those who saw him for the first time." If he means that till he had spoken his powers as a talker were not discovered, this is as true as it is a truism. But if he means that these powers were only discovered by those who had met him more than once, the statement is absurd. When he went to college we are told that in the common-room the first evening "his figure and manner appeared strange to the company, but he behaved modestly, and sat silent, till upon something which occurred in the course of conversation he suddenly struck in and quoted Macrobius, and then he gave the first impression of that more extensive reading in which he had indulged himself." So it was throughout his life. He had but to open his mouth, and his vigour of mind and his vast knowledge were at once discovered. The account that is given in the article of his quarrel with Chesterfield is misleading enough. The writer seems to think that he first quarrelled, that next the Dictionary

appeared, and that thereupon Chesterfield wrote the papers in which he proposed that Johnson "should be invested with a dictatorship in the world of letters." Now there was no quarrel till after these papers were written, and they appeared more than four months before the Dictionary was published.

Had we more space at our disposal, we would thoroughly expose the writer's utter ignorance of Johnson's general character. He knows him through Macaulay's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, than which Hogarth himself never drew a grosser, and, we will venture to add, a coarser, caricature. If, instead of giving advice, he will set an example, and begin by studying Boswell's Life as much as it ought to be, he will find that Johnson was a man very unlike the half-mad, brooding, ferocious, sullen fellow, almost bestial in his manners and appetites, that he has described for the readers of the *Times*. If we are to celebrate the centenary, let us begin by destroying the grotesque figure which Macaulay set up some fifty years ago, and belaboured almost as ferociously as he belaboured both Boswell and Boswell's editor, Mr. Croker. Let the good people of Lichfield at the same time, without seeking for any help from abroad, repair a shameful act of which their forefathers were guilty. Johnson, a few days before his death, composed epitaphs for his father, his mother, and his younger brother. He was anxious that their bodies should be protected by a stone, and that the stone should be "deep, massy, and hard. Do not," he said, "let the difference of ten pounds or more defeat our purpose." The stone was placed, and gave its protection, and displayed Johnson's fine Latin inscription, for just twelve years. "The church was then new paved, the stone was removed, and, strange and shameful to say, is nowhere to be found." His last piece of composition was these epitaphs, and his last letters were about them. If they cannot be recovered, they can at least be carved afresh. That this be done, and done quickly, surely greatly concerns the honour of the citizens of Lichfield.

#### THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

AS though to do honour to the coming of age of a time-honoured institution, the twenty-first celebration of this Festival has been exceptionally brilliant. Large as St. Andrew's Hall is, it was not large enough to satisfy the demand for tickets. Besides the town and county people, the city was invaded by a horde of strangers from all parts of the kingdom. The unusual concourse of visitors was, no doubt, partly due to the honour of the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales at two of the performances, but it may also be ascribed to the expectations excited by an unusually varied and attractive programme. The promise of hearing for the first time an ode and an oratorio from the pens of the two English composers whose genius has been recognized abroad even more than at home, and has won for them a place in the front ranks of the masters of their art, was a magnet powerful enough to draw lovers of music from the four winds of heaven. The performance of the *Elijah*, with which the Festival opened, was very satisfactory. The manner of rendering the several parts by the leading singers is too well known to call for comment. Miss Nevada alone appeared for the first time in the character of an oratorio singer, as the soprano solo. Her voice is hardly powerful enough to do full justice to the part in so large a space, and her time in some of the familiar airs was a little hurried, notably in the favourite trio, "Lift thine eyes." She seemed more thoroughly at home in the music of Gounod's *Redemption*, which occupied the morning of the following day. The chorus singers, too, had warmed to their work, or were put on their mettle by the presence of the Royal visitors, and sang much better than they had done the night before.

Mr. Stanford's "Elegiac Ode" was the prominent feature of the Wednesday evening concert. Great as the expectations were which the high reputation of the composer had led the audience to entertain, they were more than justified by the result. The text of the "Elegiac Ode" is from the "Burial Hymn" by Mr. Whitman for President Lincoln's funeral. Mr. Stanford has given expression in sound to the idea of the poet with more eloquence than the writer has achieved in words. The verses represent Death as a "strong deliveress," whom the poet calls on to "undulate" round the world, "embracing all with her sure-encircling arms." And this impression of ceaseless wave-like motion is the leading characteristic of the music. The orchestral prelude introduces the theme, which is throughout the work reproduced in connexion with this personified Death the Deliveress; while a flowing accompaniment, written in crotchet-triplets, embodies the idea of the ceaseless rising and falling of the waves. This undulating movement continues through the first chorus, which invokes the Deliveress in slow and majestic strains; but, with the words "Praised be the fathomless Universe," time and rhythm change together, and the voices burst into a joyous allegro, sustained by a bold and accentuated accompaniment. In the last line of the verse there is a return to the characteristic music, and the chorus ends as it began, in slow and solemn strains. In calm and evenly flowing measure the baritone solo next takes up the praise of the "dark mother" and the "lay of the happy dead." With the last cadence of this air a fanciful orchestral passage introduces a soprano solo with a harp accompaniment, light and gay in character, to represent the "serenades and dances" which the poet here proposes for the salutation of Death. The theme

of the solo is repeated by a chorus of female voices which an orchestral post-lude connects with the succeeding chorus, which softly, slowly, and solemnly in full and diatonic harmony breathes forth the silence of the night. But the vein of the brightness of the previous passage is still felt throbbing through the orchestra, coming forward more palpably at every close. A cadence of rare beauty and originality then falls back to the original key in which the final chorus is written, in the form of a tuneful fugue of which the distinctive feature is the diverse rhythm, and in which the familiar Death-theme once more reappears. Looked at as a whole, the "Elegiac Ode" must be ranked as a work of a very rare merit, bearing the unmistakable stamp of genius.

The other important novelty produced at the Festival, Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, is also distinguished by some strikingly original features. The story of the *Rose of Sharon* is founded, so the compiler tells us, on a reading of the "Song of Songs," on which Dr. Ewald and M. Renan agree, but which is very much more commonplace and prosaic than the Canonical version of that most mystical poem. The chief characters are the "Rose of Sharon," known throughout as the Sulamite; King Solomon, and the "Beloved." The Beloved and the King are rivals for the love of the heroine, who is torn from her lover, to be the reigning favourite of the royal harem. But all the splendour of the palace, the homage of the people, the seductions of finery and jewels have no charms for her. Even the passionate admiration of the royal lover cannot touch her heart. She remains true to her Beloved, to whom she is at length restored, to wander once more through the vineyards of Sulam.

The oratorio is divided into four parts, each bearing a descriptive title. The first is "Separation." In it the Sulamite is torn from her Beloved. In the second part, "Temptation," all the glories of the world are placed before her, but in vain. In the third part, "Victory," her steadfastness triumphs over the King's passion, and is rewarded by "Reunion," in the fourth and closing section of the work. There is no overture. A short orchestral prelude introduces the prologue sung by the contralto voice, and giving the audience to understand that the whole work is to be taken in an allegorical sense, and has a spiritual meaning. In the prologue is heard the theme connected with the motto of the oratorio, "Love is strong as death and unconquerable as the grave," and in connexion with that motto it frequently reappears. In like manner there is a theme appropriated to each of the leading characters—the Sulamite, Solomon, and the Beloved—inseparably connected with the personality of each, and always apparent in the music to herald their approach, or echo their retreat. The oratorio opens in the vineyards of Sulam. The music is like the scene, simple and pastoral. The orchestral part begins with the melody of "the Vineyard song"; we will take the foxes. This is the theme inseparably connected with each reappearance of the Sulamite, who was distinctively a keeper of vineyards. This leads up to a chorus of vine-dressers, followed by a very beautiful tenor solo, one of the gems of the oratorio, "So the winter is past," sung by the Beloved under the lattice of the Sulamite, inviting her to come forth with him into the country and enjoy the signs of returning spring. The Sulamite then gives the "Vineyard song" as a solo, and joining her Beloved, they sing a duet together, which is followed by another chorus of villagers, at the end of which, during an orchestral passage descriptive of a spring morning, the scene is supposed to change to Lebanon. A contralto solo, "Who is this that cometh up the valley?" gives warning that Solomon approaches. The music changes from a simple to a pompous style, and as the cavalcade draws nigh, all break forth into a full and very effective chorus of "God save the King," which reappears again from time to time, and always with excellent effect. As the King first sees the Sulamite the vineyard theme comes in very prettily. He pours forth his admiration in a tuneful song. The agitation of the music then expresses the distraction of the lovers; the Sulamite is borne away, and with a renewed chorus of "God save the King" the royal *cortège* moves on. The second part, "Temptation," finds the Sulamite in Solomon's palace, deserted and alone. She finds relief for her sorrowful feelings by singing the psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd," to an extremely pretty air, touching and simple, and with no thematic connexion with the rest of the work. This simplicity is a leading trait of the heroine's character. The women of the palace gather round her and try to shame her out of it by painting in glowing colours the splendour of the lot that lies before her. Their chatter is interrupted by the passing by of the Procession of the Ark. Half-a-dozen choruses of Maidens, Shepherds, Elders, Priests, Soldiers, and People now follow one another in unbroken succession, gradually increasing in fulness and volume till all unite in shouting once more a repetition of "God save the King." But the part ends with the solo voice of the Sulamite in the simple strain "My Beloved is mine and I am his," reiterating the assurance of her constancy.

The third part opens with a tenor solo sung by the Beloved outside the window of the palace where the Sulamite is taking her siesta. She hears the voice, but it does not wake her, it only mingles with her dreams. In fancy she wanders out into the streets, and, thinking it is night, inquires of the watchmen for tidings of her love. Their rudeness wakes her with a sudden start to find herself still a prisoner, and to hear that her royal lover is coming to woo her. The vocal part of this scene is merely a dialogue between the two leading characters, while the orchestral music suggests the idea of sleep, and recalls to the audience the visionary nature of the scene. Solomon now in a bass solo

urges his suit, and this is followed by a duet in which he declares his love, she her constancy; and even after the chorus of women join in support of the King, her voice rises high above them all, reiterating that her love is strong as death and giving additional emphasis to each repetition by the increased value of the notes. She has won the victory. "Art thou so simple?" sing the women, and the third part is done. The fourth and concluding part—"Reunion"—begins in strains of melancholy tenderness. The villagers in chorus lament the absence of the Sulamite. A bass solo on the words "Thus saith the Lord" foretells the return of better times. This is followed by a chorale in full vocal harmony, supported by an accompaniment of wind instruments. As the hymn ends the tone of lamentation gives way to one of gladness, and the cry is raised "The Sulamite!" Her return is celebrated in a chorus of exuberant joyfulness, supported by the whole force of the orchestra. After the united lovers have breathed out their mutual admiration in solo and duet, there follows a chorus of much spirit and energy, "For the flame of love is as fire," and ending with the words of the motto, "Love is strong as Death." In striking contrast to this jubilant burst of sound, the placid, solemn strains of the Epilogue fall on the ear, singing the blessedness in store for "him that overcometh" in the "Paradise of God."

One is a little puzzled to decide as to how the *Rose of Sharon* should be classed; but we should be inclined to count it among the instances of art which show forth the triumph of heavenly over earthly love. The compiler has in most cases stuck to the text of the Authorized Version. It is a pity he has ever turned aside from it. To hear Solomon compare his love "unto my charger in Pharaoh's stud" jars terribly on the ear, the more so as the words "stud" and "charger" are used in the Bible in quite other senses, "charger" meaning invariably a large dish, and "stud" an ornamented knob or boss. "Spoil" is a better word than the unmusical "ravage" in the "Vineyard song," or, if the music requires a longer word, why not use "destroy"? Looked at merely as a musical drama, the *Rose of Sharon* is a work of great merit, both original and beautiful; and the composer must be congratulated on having achieved a decided success and added another to the laurels he has already won. The production of two such brilliant compositions as the "Elegiac Ode" and the "Rose of Sharon" will give the Norwich Festival of 1884 a distinguished place in the history of English music.

#### PROFESSOR RUSKIN'S PLEASURES OF LEARNING.

IT is perfectly appalling to think what very dull folk our forefathers were—that is, supposing we accept the view of them presented by the Slade Professor in his Lecture delivered at Oxford last Saturday. From Bertha to Osburga—this marking of periods by the names of women is characteristic of Mr. Ruskin—that is, for about two centuries and a half—they passed their time, we are told, in learning the Christian faith and in the practice of "arts and beauties." Far be it from us to scoff at 250 years given to the mysteries of religion, especially when combined with arts and beauties, or to doubt that to regenerate minds centuries so devoted would be full of pleasures. Considering, however, the spiritual and intellectual condition of the mass of the people both at different stages in and at the end of their long period of discipleship, we are amazed at their slowness of comprehension. Surely, if the men of Kent, for example, had been diligent in "the daily more reverent learning" of the faith—to say nothing of arts and beauties—they would not a hundred years after the landing of St. Augustine have needed to be restrained by a threat of the forfeiture of all their goods from offering to "devils." Nor do the lives of many of our early kings present such devotion to arts and beauties as would satisfy the critical demands of the Slade Professor. Of course the life of Alfred may be quoted as a defence of the new doctrine. Such an argument, however, is worth about as much as the report of a school would be that was based on a few minutes' conversation with a master of literary tastes. Up to this time we confess that the richer Saxons—we are not responsible for the use of the term, and hope that Professor Freeman will speak seriously on the subject to his colleague in historical teaching—always seemed to us to have lived a jovial, though a somewhat unintellectual, life. As boys, it is true, they went to school, and there, we admit, some of them applied themselves to arts and beauties by learning to read, and by sharpening their wits by answering riddles and repeating catechisms somewhat similar to the Child's Guide of our own early years. When, however, school days were over, we imagined that the youth, unless indeed he was destined for the service of the Church, entered on a life of eating, drinking, hunting, and fighting. According to the latest light, it seems that we were wrong, and that "the Saxons" spent their days in the pleasures of learning. We have the consolation of reflecting that we have erred in good company. Unless the character of the nation changed in a single lifetime, Asser, too, must be corrected by Mr. Ruskin, and Alfred was grossly unjust in threatening to deprive his ealdormen of office unless they applied themselves more earnestly to their studies. The poor men really enjoyed their lessons, and what he took for laziness was only natural dulness. It is to be hoped that the scholars so soundly rated by the King were not guilty of imitating their monkish masters in a habit described by the lecturer as scrawling figures all over the pages of books, even though by restraining the scrawling propensities innate in idle learners



they may have delayed the production of "a supremely Gothic Gainsborough" or a surpassingly Romantic Ruskin; for, when alliterative epithets are flying about, it would be a pity to deny one to the Professor, especially as we can show reason for our phrase. If Mr. Ruskin pictures an ideal past, when all men possessed the virtues of saints and artists, no less does he live in an imaginary present. For him, at least, the "Vox clamantis" sounds in vain. Like Mr. Gladstone, he believes "that there has been no time in all the pride of the past when the country might more securely trust in the glory of her youth." We believe, however, that this mysterious sentence does not refer to the boys who slen-derly furnish the ranks of our army. Only let his hearers, "young men and maidens"—for the Professor ever speaks *virginibus puerisque*—do one thing to secure the greatness of the Empire. For a moment surely his numerous and youthful disciples held their breath in enthusiastic expectation to hear what great thing the prophet would bid them do. Before the undergraduate, it may be, there passed "the inexpressible vision" of himself playing at being a navvy, while the more cultured soul of the Somerville student was fired with thoughts of Iphigenia. The next words were oracular. Let them consider "whether London be indeed the natural and divinely appointed produce of the Thames"; and, if it be not, let them further consider how to change it, with a view, we suppose, of making it "natural and divinely appointed." When the young men and maidens of Oxford have grown sufficiently priggish by pondering over and discussing this saying, which appears to our unenlightened mind to be nonsense, they will then, they are assured, know how to make England "a royal throne of kings, a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light," and various other fine things.

From the enunciation of this and other dark sayings, such as that "the art of England may be said to consist of three whale's cuts combined by boiling"—we quote from the *Pall Mall Gazette*—Mr. Ruskin passed to the characteristics of various nations. The Normans he considered were not "apprehensive." They did not then, we suppose, seize on and make their own the language, art, or political life of the various lands they entered. Little or nothing was apprehended by them in England, in Sicily, or in the land to which they gave their name. The character of the Conqueror's rule, the palaces of Roger and the two Williams at Palermo, the speech of Rouen and the song of Taillefer were then no outward signs of the presence of the most apprehensive people of the North. "They are," we are told, "like the living rock, they flow like lava and congeal like granite." Again we are in doubt as to the meaning of the Professor's words, and as we do not think that we shall be able to make England more like "a sceptred isle" than she is at present by trying to read his riddles, we pass on to the amazing statement that the Saxons were "docile." Verily Charles the Great taught them somewhat, but his teaching reminds one of the lesson inflicted on the men of Succoth. And in spite of his rough discipline more than one of his successors would have been glad if the Saxons had been a little more like Mr. Ruskin's description of them. While however they were docile, they were "with difficulty rational and rarely wise." This seems a sweeping judgment to pass on a whole people, and that the race which produced Henry the Fowler and the Ottos, to say nothing of later heroes. In strong contrast to the docile Saxon is set "the sternly indocile Lombard who never jests." Slow as the Lombards were in adopting Roman civilization, this is saying far too much. To what race does Mr. Ruskin suppose Paul the Deacon belonged, and how came it that he found a grammarian ready to teach him? What of the founders of the Volturian monastery and the multitude of Lombard monks? Of what race was Erchempert? Of Liutprand the Professor can know nothing, or he would have known that a Lombard could jest. Indeed, for all we can see, his descriptions of the various nations seem given quite haphazard, and he might just as well have said that the Lombard flowed like "lava" and the rest of it, that the Norman was docile and the Saxon sternly indocile. It would have been at least as true as what he did say, and would have sounded quite as effectively; and that, after all, is the one thing needful in an historical lecture.

Towards the end of his discourse Mr. Ruskin made merry over a sentence in which the late Dean of Westminster described the pleasure he felt on looking down from St. Martin's churchyard on the cathedral church of Canterbury and the newly-founded college of St. Augustine's. To us the Dean's thoughts seem not unworthy of the man or of the scene before him. Few English churchmen, and indeed few Englishmen of any education, can have looked on that scene without some feeling of gladness, and without linking together the places where our fathers first heard the preaching of the Cross and that building, itself a link between the earliest and the present stage of our Church's history, which the piety of our own day has raised for the purpose of doing for the utmost ends of the earth what St. Augustine did for us. The critical Professor, however, will allow us no such thoughts. His exquisite soul is troubled by the fact that the women of India have learned to wear Paisley shawls, and his delicate sense of enjoyment is marred by the sight of a county gaol. With his stale gibes at the efforts which have spread the Faith, about which he talks so romantically, over no small part of the world, we will not concern ourselves. As, however, he believes that he is delivering a course of historical lectures, we must ask what he meant by ridiculing the Dean's assertion that the English Church in her early years was full of missionary zeal. The Saxons, he tells us, were too busy learning to take to preaching; all missionary effort

came from Iona. We will pass by his silly crotchet about the absorption of our forefathers in the pursuit of learning, and go to facts. Ignorant as Mr. Ruskin is about history, there are some names that we should have thought even he would have known something about. Willibrord, who laboured for fifty years among the Frisians, and his twelve companions, the two Hewalds slain by the "docile" Saxons, and Bishop Suidbert, who converted many Westphalians, are all spoken of at some length by Bada. Can Mr. Ruskin have lectured on early English history without having read the *Historia Ecclesiastica*? And what does he make of the mission of Winfrith (St. Boniface), whose work bore fruit in almost every part of Germany, save perhaps among the Saxons? Mr. Ruskin's sentences always sound well, and when he talks of "a Gothic Gainsborough," and the like, we are pleased to listen to him, for then, in truth, we do not greatly care whether he talks sense or nonsense. It is a pity that he ever discusses matters which demand above all things words of truth and soberness.

#### THE CAT SHOW.

THIS annual cat show, which is perhaps the largest and most important of those held in this country, took place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 21st and 22nd, and produced the large number of 356 entries. We have in former years pointed out the advantages which these shows tend to produce for the large and admirable body of cats in this country. Already they have borne fruit. Not only is the position of cats in the household becoming more and more widely recognized, but arrangements are already made by public institutions to add to their comfort and well being. Now, not only are stray cats taken to the Home for Dogs, but cats are received as boarders at a moderate price per week, and well looked after in every particular. Indeed, the Englishman has now some little right to look down upon the base conduct of the Belgians, who, we are informed on high authority, deliberately breed cats to sell for their skins. Yet not the less we may venture to put forth a few hints on the education of cats. Early elementary education can be best imparted by the mother. Where the kitten is too early deprived of maternal care, and mere human guidance has to be relied on, the text-books should be consulted, which generally treat fully and wisely of this branch of the subject. The higher education, again, is generally self-acquired, and all that can be done is to give every opportunity for mental and moral development. The intermediate education of cats, however, has to be given by those who belong to the family, and on their care and judgment the success of the cat in after life will mainly depend. We are not in favour of the teaching of many accomplishments, or "tricks," as the vulgar call them, but a strong exception should be made in favour of two arts. First, the art of jumping through the arms or over a stick, a practice which affords great pleasure to the student, and, further, is valuable as affording healthy exercise, for if the accomplishment be kept up the cat will practise it at an age when other forms of violent exertion have been abandoned as undignified. The other is the art of "begging," or setting up as a request for food. When this is taught in early kittenhood, the cat, having a means of expressing its wants, may readily be taught to avoid the practice of attracting the attention of its friends at meal times by touching them or jumping on their laps, both of which actions, besides being contrary to good manners, are irritating and unpleasant, especially to strangers, and often lead to the banishment of the cat during meals. In the intermediate education of cats, punishment is, of course, a necessity; but the utmost care should always be taken never to make punishment so severe as to frighten or scare the cat, for if this effect be produced, it is valueless as a means of preventing the fault for which it is administered. Punishment should always be accompanied by some word of blame or some scolding noise. In a very short time, the mere repetition of the sound will be found to deter the pupil from pursuing any line of conduct of which its preceptor may disapprove.

At the recent show we were again struck at the different results obtained by the skilful and impartial judges, Mr. George Billet and J. Jenner Weir, Esq., F.Z.S., by following the careful code of points and those obtained by general instinct and impression. Though all the cats which received awards would have attracted the attention of any cat lover, however ignorant of the rules and code of the cat fancy, yet such a one would often admire far more some unnoticed cat, and would probably be right in his judgment from the social point of view. Cats are so essentially creatures of beauty that, analyse and codify as we will, they defy our attempts at rule and measurement.

#### KARL HILLEBRAND.

KARL HILLEBRAND died last Saturday. The event was not unexpected, as he had been ill for a considerable time, yet the news will come as a shock to many who loved him as a man even more than as an author. They had hoped he might still live for a few years to enlighten them now and then with an occasional gleam of his insight and his humour. Perhaps the hope was cruel, at any rate it has not been fulfilled.

Karl Hillebrand was born in Giessen in 1829; he was the son of a professor who was distinguished in his own day

as a philosopher and a literary historian, who seceded from the Catholic to the Protestant Church, and wrote many books, the only one of which that is likely to be remembered is a *History of German Literature*, re-edited by his son. The latter, a young man of about nineteen years, was studying law in the University of his native town when the Revolution of 1848 broke out. He took part in it, and was consequently imprisoned in Rastadt, from which, after three months, he made a rather sensational escape to France, where for a time he became the private secretary of H. Heine. Karl Hillebrand always recalled this period with pleasure, though he was accustomed to speak of it more guardedly than of any other part of his life. "I was received with such entire intimacy into the family," he said, "that I do not feel it would become me either to talk or write about its members." Still he always spoke with great affection and gratitude of the poet, and attributed to him the most important part of his literary education. In 1863 Karl Hillebrand was appointed to the post of Professor of Foreign Literature at Douai, which he resigned, together with his other offices, when the war between France and Germany was declared. Afterwards he lived and wrote in Florence, a town to which he was attracted by its historical reminiscences almost as much as by its artistic and social charm. He was by nature an historian. He saw every individual and incident, not as an isolated fact, but as a part of the gradual development of the age. He was not content with knowing a person; he must also know the intellectual atmosphere in which he lived. It is this that lends his best work its lasting value; it is this also that makes him occasionally seem uncertain of his point, that lends a certain want of coherence and unity to some of his essays. He had—a rare thing in our age—too much to say, and was obliged to break off in the middle.

The very catholicity of his taste was a disadvantage to him as a literary critic. He was too strongly conscious of the historical conditions under which every work is produced to believe in an absolute standard of beauty. He could admire Tasso and Pope without reviling Dante and Shakespeare; nay, while acknowledging in the fullest measure their higher claims. Among English writers of the second order he was never tired of reading or of quoting Fielding and Sterne. Swift was too logical, too hard, too self-consistent entirely to please him, ready as he was to recognize the Dean's power. He even preferred Addison to Swift, the accomplished essayist to the one man who showed the utter absurdity of the view of life taken by the majority of highly educated men in the eighteenth century, and in a similar way he was unable to enjoy the charm of Rossetti, of the *Earthly Paradise*, and of much of Mr. Swinburne's poetry. In private conversation he freely owned the power of such verse, but he seemed to regard it as historically retrograde. On the other hand, he knew Burns by heart, and was enchanted by Blake when he first read his poems, rather late in life.

If the historical sense of Karl Hillebrand rendered him rather unjust to a poetical and artistic school which will undoubtedly take its place in the history of English culture, it endowed him with a tolerance such as we rarely see. During the later years of his life, he was a Conservative, an enthusiastic admirer of Prince Bismarck, a man who even ventured to speak a word or two in favour of that much-maligned monarch Napoleon III. But his house and his heart were open to all sincere and honest men, to whatever party, to whatever country, to whatever religion they might belong. At times under the influence of nervous disease he may have become excited, and have spoken of the Republican leaders of France in a way that he himself would have grieved to hear repeated, though he firmly believed that what he said was the truth. But he never asked the struggling author, Are you Radical or Conservative, French or German? his only questions were, What can you do, and how can I help you? and the help he gave was neither slow nor stinted. It is fitting that those who knew him should remember that death never robbed the world of a more generous opponent or a truer friend. In Karl Hillebrand Germany has lost one of her most distinguished historians and, perhaps, her greatest essayist; his friends have suffered a greater and more irreparable loss.

#### MR. CHILDERS'S FAILURE.

MR. CHILDERS has thrown away a golden opportunity. The force of events had been making inevitable a reduction of the interest upon the National Debt. For many years past, with the exception of France, no great Government had raised considerable loans. Turkey, Egypt, Peru, and Spain were no longer able to borrow; the credit of Russia was also paralysed; Austria and Hungary had applied but sparingly to the European money markets, and, by improved administration, had succeeded in reducing the interest on their debt. The finances of Italy had so much improved and the wealth of the country had grown so rapidly that not only had Italy ceased borrowing, but the Italian people had bought up large amounts of their debt previously held in France and England. The United States had effected a redemption of their debt unprecedented in the history of the world; and we ourselves had also made reductions which would have been considered remarkable were it not for the achievements of the United States. Thus the debts of the European and American States had either decreased or grown but little, while the popula-

tion and wealth of the world were rapidly increasing. The result was that the stocks of the great Governments were becoming scarcer and scarcer in proportion to the demand for them. In the meantime the new Sinking Fund established by the present Government had made it certain that, if peace is preserved, the debt of this country will be enormously decreased within the next twenty years; and, consequently, the price of Consols must inevitably rise. Consols, in fact, had risen in price from about 92 a few years ago to 102, and for a little while even they had gone considerably higher. Thus the holders of Consols have become accustomed to receive for the money invested less than 3 per cent., instead of receiving, as formerly, about 3½ per cent. Had Mr. Childers been patient, this rise would certainly have continued, and gradually the holders would have become accustomed to receiving 2½ per cent., or perhaps even less. Then the public would have received, as a matter of course, a proposal for the conversion of the debt; they would have recognized that the force of circumstances had raised the credit of the country so high that it was in a position to borrow at from 2½ to 2¾ per cent., and they would have bowed to the inevitable. But at the beginning of this year they had only become accustomed to receive about 3 per cent., and they did not recognize that the Government could borrow much lower. It was a mistake, therefore, on the part of Mr. Childers to hurry conversion. By doing so he has certainly made it more difficult in the future to reduce the charge upon the taxpayers of the country. By the necessity of his position he had to aim at reducing the charge upon the taxpayers; that is to say, he had to try to induce the holders of Consols to accept a lower rate of interest than they formerly received; and he attempted to soften this by offering them a larger amount of capital. Unfortunately for him, however, the holders of Consols are for the greater part persons who are not attracted by the offer of a larger amount of capital, while they are greatly interested in not submitting to a reduction of interest. The bulk of the fundholders consist either of persons who are entitled under trusts to receive interest from the trust funds during their lives, the capital going to others upon their death; or they are old people who have put their savings into Consols and have to live upon the revenue derived therefrom. Both of these classes are evidently interested that there shall be no reduction in the interest receivable, while it would benefit them in nowise if the capital were increased without an increase of the annuity. Under these circumstances they could be induced to accept Mr. Childers's offer only by the conviction that, if they declined, they would be compelled to take even more unfavourable terms. Mr. Childers took no pains to prove to the public that he could compel them to accept more unfavourable terms. Of the remainder of the holders of Consols, bankers are the most influential; and bankers, as it happened, are more interested in maintaining the interest than in increasing the capital. Just now trade is extremely depressed, and bankers find it difficult to employ their funds profitably. In order, therefore, to keep up the dividends they pay their shareholders, they have to look more than in ordinary times to the return from their investments. But the bulk of their investments are necessarily in Consols. If, then, the interest upon Consols were reduced, the return from their investments would be reduced also; and at the very time when trade was bad they would thus suffer a further diminution of receipts. Consequently they would have to offer their shareholders a lower rate of dividend. Obviously bankers would not willingly consent to this proposal. In themselves, therefore, the proposals of Mr. Childers were not calculated to win the approval of the holders of Consols. And there are other circumstances in the case which were also unfavourable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Owing to the great and growing wealth of the country, the long peace, skilful administration, and the immense amount of Consols existing, that particular stock has for a generation or two occupied a unique position in the world. It has come to be regarded as the type of all that is sound in finance. "As good as Consols" is a phrase constantly in the mouths of bankers to imply that a stock is absolutely secure; that an investor may put his money into it confident that it will always yield him the promised annuity and will never fall seriously in price. Hence bankers have been in the habit of investing in Consols their reserves. Owing to the peculiar constitution of the English money market, our bankers, other than the Bank of England, keep no cash reserve. What serves them as a reserve is usually invested in Consols. By so investing it, it yields them 3 per cent. interest instead of lying idle in the form of coin or notes, and it is very nearly as convenient as coin or notes would be. The banker knows that at any moment he can sell Consols, or borrow upon them to any extent he pleases. In the language of the City, a dealer in the Stock Exchange hitherto has always been ready to "make a price" for hundreds of thousands of Consols. In other words, a banker, if he wishes to turn a portion of his reserve into cash, can be certain that at any time he will be able to sell in a lump hundreds of thousands of stock without a moment's delay and without any bargaining. This is not to be accomplished in any other case, and therefore bankers are particularly anxious that nothing should be done injuriously to affect the market for Consols. If they could be sure that the whole of the existing Consols would be converted into Two and a Half per Cents., no doubt the new stock would be as readily saleable as the old; but, not being sure of this, the conversion of a portion would split up the Consol market, would diminish



the old prestige of Consols, and yet would not make the new stock as readily saleable as the old. It was a mistake, therefore, on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer not at once to have taken powers to apply compulsory conversion. In our opinion, he did wrong in too soon attempting to convert. The time had not come, as we have shown above, when the public was prepared for conversion. No proof had been given that the Government could borrow large amounts at 2½ per cent. But when once the Chancellor of the Exchequer made up his mind that he would attempt to convert, he ought to have done everything practicable to ensure the success of the scheme. And one thing clearly necessary was to impress upon the minds of bankers and stockbrokers that, if they did not voluntarily convert, they could be made to convert involuntarily. The Chancellor of the Exchequer neglected to do this, and bankers naturally decided to do nothing themselves that would at all affect the Consol market injuriously. The feeling of bankers in this respect was fully shared by dealers and brokers on the Stock Exchange; and these two classes, stockbrokers and bankers, have naturally immense influence with the ordinary public in such matters. Indeed, very few holders of Consols would venture upon such a step as conversion without first taking the advice of either their bankers or their brokers, and most would probably take that of both. Bankers and brokers, almost without exception, advised their clients not to convert. Thus the attempt of the Government was inevitably doomed to failure. One other consideration which was adverse to conversion was the unhappy political action of the Government. If this country was still in alliance with Germany and Austria as it was four years ago, there would be a general impression that the peace of the world would be maintained; France would certainly not have entered upon the adventurous colonial policy which has caused so much disturbance; and, generally, there would be greater confidence in all countries. As it is, our relations with Germany are far from cordial, and a state of things has been brought about which has disquieted the public mind. People in the City do not exactly fear a collision with either Germany or France; but they see that our position in the world is by no means as assured as it was four years ago, and, with the vague, uneasy feeling that there are difficulties in store for us, they refuse to believe that our Government now can borrow at 2½ per cent. as easily as it might have done had it acted more wisely. With Prince Bismarck sulky, if not unfriendly; with France exasperated; with Russia steadily approaching the confines of India; and with difficulties before us in Egypt and South Africa, anything may happen. We may, in short, be involved in operations which would compel us to suspend our redemption of debt, and even to add to it considerably. Upon the whole, then, bankers and others have decided that it is wiser to wait than to accept Mr. Childers's proposals at once, and in the decision they have secured the defeat of Mr. Childers's proposals.

The *Times*, with its usual want of judgment in such matters, has been urging the Government to apply compulsion at once, and we are surprised to see that even the *Economist* has taken the same course. It is to be hoped that the Government will do nothing so unwise. In addressing his constituents the other day, Mr. Childers professed to be quite satisfied with what has been effected; but, if so, Mr. Childers is thankful for small mercies. As a matter of fact, out of more than 600 millions of stock existing, barely 21 millions have been converted, and of these 21 millions more than half are held by the Government itself in trust for others. More than half, therefore, has practically been converted by the Government itself. The independent public has converted less than 10 millions; that is to say, less than a sixtieth part of the stock existing. From this it is quite clear that the Government would fail if it attempted compulsory conversion. In order to carry out compulsory conversion, it should be prepared to pay off all the holders of Consols who are unwilling to convert, and, therefore, it would have to raise an immense sum of money at the rate of 2½ per cent. But for the various reasons which we have been enumerating, the public have come to the conclusion that the credit of the Government is not good enough to raise hundreds of millions at 2½ per cent. Therefore, it is almost certain that a great loan would fail. No doubt the Government can convert the debt in small amounts, as Mr. Childers hinted at Knottingley. And by-and-bye, when the confusion caused by the unfortunate proposals which have just failed has passed away, and when by the action of the Sinking Fund the amount of Consols in the hands of the public is greatly reduced, it will be possible to resume the work and so convert gradually. But for the present the wisest thing the Government can do is to accept this defeat with a good grace; to recognize that it has acted impatiently, and therefore spoiled its own opportunity, and to allow the public to forget the fiasco. If peace is preserved so that the redemption of the debt can be carried on at a rapid rate, the time will in a few years come when conversion, almost as a matter of course, will be effected. But Mr. Childers's over-eagerness has undoubtedly postponed that time, and has rendered a successful and satisfactory conversion more difficult than it need have been.

#### THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

TO allot weights to one hundred and twenty-nine horses in such a manner that they should all be on terms of equality was the task set before the official whose duty it was to draw up the handicap for the Cambridgeshire. Four stones made the margin

which he allowed himself for this purpose. Fifty-six pounds, therefore, was assumed to be the amount of weight which, when put on the back of the best horse in the race, would make him as slow as the worst, and in the adjustment of the intermediate pounds among the other 127 horses, lay the work of the handicap.

Speed and power are the two chief requisites in a Cambridgeshire horse, and in these respects the winner of this year is a model. Strength is required in getting up the hill successfully at the great speed at which the race is run, and many horses that can stay over the far longer Cesarewitch course are without the power necessary to win the Cambridgeshire under anything like a heavy weight. Last year it had been won by the three-year-old Bendigo, who started at 50 to 1 and carried 6 st. 10 lbs. The year before it had been won by an older horse carrying a still lighter weight. This was the four-year-old Hackness, who carried only 6 st. 4 lbs., but her great chance had been no secret, and she started second favourite. The previous year the race had been won by a three-year-old carrying a very heavy burden. Foxhall had won the Cesarewitch a fortnight before, and now he won the Cambridgeshire under 9 st., beating such horses as Bend Or, a winner of the Derby; Petronel, a winner of the Two Thousand; Tristan, to whom he was giving 1 st. 9 lbs.; Corrie Roy, to whom he was giving nearly 3 st.; and Peter, who was carrying 10 st. We may observe here that Foxhall's is the only Cambridgeshire which is worthy of comparison with that of the present week.

The Cambridgeshire may be said to suffer from first to last from the Cesarewitch. In the first place, from the date of the publication of the weights to its decision, a period of about six weeks, the Cesarewitch absorbs by far the most attention; and, after the Cesarewitch, only a fortnight remains for the study of the Cambridgeshire. Secondly, the result of the Cesarewitch often to some extent discounts the Cambridgeshire. So many horses usually start for both races that many backers will not meddle with the Cambridgeshire until the Cesarewitch has been decided. This month eleven of the twenty horses that ran in the Cesarewitch were entered for the Cambridgeshire. To begin with, St. Gatien, the winner, was entered for the shorter race, and in some respects he came off very badly; for, as winner of the Cesarewitch, he had to carry a stone extra, whereas, if he had also been the winner of the St. Leger, he would have had only 7 lbs. extra on his back. As it happened, the owner of the winner of the Cesarewitch preferred his chance with Florence, who had run fourth for that race, and, as the event proved, he did so with good reason. This wonderful mare had begun the season by running unaccountably badly at Lincoln and Epsom; but she had won the Manchester Cup, the De Trafford Welter Cup, the Ascot High-Weight Plate, the Queen's Plate at Lewes, and the Jubilee Prize at Baden-Baden, races worth nearly 5,000l. She had also run second for the Liverpool Cup and the Goodwood Stakes, carrying 9 st. in both races. She was to carry 9 st. 1 lb. for the Cambridgeshire, but her public form had fully earned that weight for her. The famous French horse Archiduc, who had been third for the Cesarewitch, only a neck behind Polemic, was also to run for the Cambridgeshire; but he was meeting Florence on 5 lbs. worse terms, and it was a question whether this difference in their respective weights might not put the pair on an equality, even if it did not give an advantage to Florence. Quicklime, who had been seventh for the Cesarewitch, had run very ungenerously in that race, as well as in that for the Champion Stakes a few days later, and, although it might justly be argued that he did not show anything like his best form on either of these occasions, it was impossible to bring forward any valid reason for supposing that he would show better in the Cambridgeshire. Stockholm was more suited to a long course, and Sir Reuben had run very moderately in the Cesarewitch.

The St. Leger had an important effect upon the prospects of the Cambridgeshire, as it brought out a strong favourite in the Duke of Westminster's Sandiway. This mare is small, wiry, and well shaped, but rather light in bone and substance. She started for the St. Leger at the very long odds of 40 to 1, and her chance was scarcely taken into serious consideration. All went well with her until reaching the Red House, where there was a scrimmage, and some other horse ran against her, knocking her on to her head and knees. She just managed to scramble up without a fall, but must have lost ground; yet she worked her way to the front, challenged The Lambkin at the distance, looked like winning for a few moments, and only lost the race by a length. As she neared the winning-post, The Lambkin appeared to hang towards her, and it is far from impossible that she might have run a much closer race with him, if he had given her a clear berth. Now this filly was weighted for the Cambridgeshire at 7 st. 7 lbs., or midway in the handicap, and it was said to be one of the "best things ever known." The winner of the St. Leger always has to carry at least 8 st. 10 lbs. for the Cambridgeshire; so, even making all allowance for The Lambkin being some pounds inferior to an average St. Leger winner, there was still a good margin left between Sandiway's weight and that to which her running in the St. Leger would have entitled her, and her subsequent defeat does not alter this fact.

Another race which had an indirect influence on forecasts of the Cambridgeshire was the Champion Stakes at the Second October Meeting. Lucerne had run a dead heat for this race with Tristan, and had been easily beaten by two lengths at Goodwood by Prism, who was giving him 3 lbs. On this ground it was argued that Prism should be able to give Tristan 3 lbs. and beat him by

two lengths, and a horse that could do that ought, it was unwisely said, to be able to win the Cambridgeshire even under 9 st. 7 lbs., although this weight had never yet been carried to victory in that race. Certainly his public form this year, with one exception, seemed to put him very nearly, if not quite, at the top of the tree over his own distance of a mile or a mile and a quarter. Bendigo, the winner of last year, was considered to be likely enough to win it again under 8 st. 1 lb., nor were his admirers very far wrong in their estimate of his chance. Chislehurst had not won a race this year, and had 8 st. 3 lbs. to carry, yet in the face of that weight he had many backers. Pizzaro, a three-year-old that had shown fairly good form this season, certainly did not look overweighted at 7 st. 3 lbs. Macheath had not won a race for two years, but if he had returned to his two-year-old form, when he won the Middle Park Plate and nearly 10,000*l.* in stakes, he had a fair chance of winning under 8 st. 10 lbs.

The rest of the story of the Cambridgeshire is short, but important. When the smallest Cambridgeshire field of the last forty years came out of the mist, which had partially obscured them during three-quarters of the race, Sandiway and Archibud were leading, but both gave place at the distance to Bendigo and Florence. A tremendous race then followed between the pair, and they ran home apparently locked together; Snowden on the horse and Webb on the mare doing all they could to get every ounce out of their mounts. Bendigo changed his legs about thirty or forty yards from the winning-post, and, after a desperate struggle, Florence won a glorious race by a head. The burden of 9 st. 1 lb. is the heaviest by 1 lb. that has ever been carried to victory for the Cambridgeshire; but Florence is four years old, whereas Foxhall, who, as we have already said, won under 9 st., was a three-year-old; so, at weight for age, his victory was 7 lbs. better than that of Florence. It is seldom that one man owns two such horses as St. Gatien and Florence in the same year. To run a dead heat for the Derby, and to win both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, as well as many other races of importance, should be enough to satisfy anybody. Mr. Hammond's successes with St. Gatien and Florence are the more remarkable because both of them are by what are called "unfashionable sires." On the other hand, both are in reality very well bred, and in the blood of each flow the famous strains of Stockwell and Newminster.

In criticizing the Cambridgeshire as a handicap, we have nothing to do but to praise, and it may be added that, upon the whole, the handicapping both for this race and for the Cesarewitch has been very satisfactory during the last few years. Mistakes must be made sometimes, and unforeseen circumstances will occasionally occur, but as a general rule the official handicappers at Newmarket are singularly successful. Nevertheless that great authority, the late Admiral Rous, disapproved of "the employment of paid agents" as handicappers, even when "of the most irreproachable character, because they are not in a position to impose marked penalties of weight on the horses belonging to notorious offenders." Yet in point of fact there are more names of horses of undoubted excellence at the later than at the earlier ends of the lists of winners of the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch. It must not be supposed for a moment that we wish to undervalue the opinions of the great racing Admiral, whose description of his ideal handicapper should be written in letters of gold—"a good judge of the condition of a horse, but with a more intimate knowledge of the dispositions of owners and trainers"—at every race of any importance in the United Kingdom "his station should be at the distance-post, where horses are pulled, not at the winning-post, where they are extended; he should never make a bet, and he should treat all the remarks which may be made about his handicaps with the utmost indifference."

Between the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire there was much discussion concerning some legislation of the Jockey Club. Great complaints had been raised for some time by owners at the Stewards' interpretation of the rules of racing with regard to the large bonus often given to the breeder of the winner, in the case of what are now known as Produce Stakes. Not that they so much objected to the breeder receiving the bonus, but that this bonus should be taken into consideration when a penalty is allotted in after races to the winner, in proportion to the amount he has won. Rule XI. (iii.) used to stand thus:—"In estimating the value of a race there shall be deducted the amount of the winner's own stake and entrance, and any money payable to other horses, or out of the stakes by the conditions of the race, or by the general conditions of the meeting, except discount, clerks' fees, stake-holding and weighing fees." Owners held that the words which we have put in italics included such items as a bonus given to the breeder of the winner "by the condition of the race," whereas the Stewards of the Jockey Club ruled that they did not. At the meeting of the Club in the week of the Second October Meeting the Rule was altered as follows, so that the question is now put beyond all doubt:—"In estimating the amount a horse has won in any one or more races, account shall be taken of all cups or moneys, whether derived from stakes, bonus, or any other source, gained by him for his owner or for any other person, only his own stake and entrance, and any money payable to other horses by the conditions of the race being deducted." Before this Rule was passed Mr. Leopold de Rothschild brought forward a motion to make the Rule stand thus:—"In estimating the value of a race, there shall be deducted the amount of the winner's own stake and entrance, as well as any sums payable to the breeder or nominator of the winner." In support of this proposed alteration,

it was argued that owners would be more anxious to win, and would therefore run better horses for an ordinary stake, worth, say, 400*l.*, than a stake worth 500*l.*, 200*l.* of which would go to the breeder of the winner—we are imagining exaggerated sums to explain the argument more clearly—and yet the winner of the stake of 500*l.* would be more heavily weighted than the winner of the 400*l.* stake, who would probably be the better horse of the pair. Mr. L. de Rothschild's motion, however, was negatived. An excellent addition was made to Rule XIII., Clause 1, the effect of which will be to prevent the surplus, sometimes produced by subscriptions beyond the amount fixed for a stake, going to the Race Fund. In future such surplus will be paid to the owner of the second horse in the race.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE revival of *The Sorcerer* at the Savoy last Saturday, when *Princess Ida* was withdrawn, was attended by a reception that should surprise no one who witnessed its production at the Opera Comique in 1877. It is rather strange that this truly delightful conception suffered even so transitory an eclipse. With the exception, perhaps, of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, it is the most striking example of the happy collaboration of the dramatist and composer. Nor is this fortunate accord realized at the expense of their distinct individualities. It is a dual control of the dramatic material combined with the utmost independence of the individual. The dialogue and music are not less, but much more, characteristic of the respective authors than is usual with them. The peculiar quality of Mr. Gilbert's humour receives the most piquant and varied illustration; while Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is remarkably sympathetic. Not to speak of the familiar vocal numbers—the exquisite melodies, and such concerted pieces as the masterly quintet in the second act—the orchestra itself is possessed with the whimsical spirit of Mr. Gilbert's grotesque humour. It has absorbed something of the marvellous love-philtre of Mr. John Wellington Wells. The demonic possession of certain individual instruments is at times indisputable, and vastly enhances the extravagant humours of the piece. *The Sorcerer* is almost entirely free from instances of ill-assorted union, where the composer's skill and inspiration are something immeasurably removed from his subject. This sense of disproportion is not of moment to the general public; but the serious musician must have noted it with acute regret in other works of Sir Arthur Sullivan. One well-known example of this is the chorus of bridesmaids in *Trial by Jury*, a composition of such beauty and elevation that it affects one with a sense of profanation heard in connexion with that droll and irreverent parody; whereas, even in the highest efforts of the composer in *The Sorcerer*, in the admirably harmonized quintet and the pathetic and charming ballad "Time was when Love and I were first acquainted," the wilful incongruity of words and music does not amount to antagonism, and perfectly accords with the quality of Mr. Gilbert's humour.

The leading idea of *The Sorcerer* is less original than the manner of its development. Many years ago there appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* an anonymous story, thoroughly conceived in the spirit which we are now accustomed to consider Gilbertian. In this story the modern magician completely upsets the proprieties of a village community by means of a teetotum which he induces some of the villagers to spin, and by which they exchange identities with results that are most humorously depicted. Mr. Gilbert's expansion of the idea is much more dexterous and ingenious. The introduction of Mr. John Wellington Wells is a masterstroke of humour. It is not till the *Sorcerer* is produced and begins operations that we feel the full force of the satire on the unthinking enthusiasm of philanthropy. The ardent Alexis is convinced "that in marriage alone is to be found the panacea for every ill." He emphasizes the glorious principle in the sweet and affecting ballad "Love feeds on many kinds of food." Both he and his bride, Aline, yearn to convert others, to give practical effect to their theory, and we feel that the opportunity must, in the natural order of things, arrive. When it does arrive, we experience the delight and surprise that are ever associated with the perception of humour. Nothing can be more natural than the chain of events that lead to the appearance of the *Sorcerer*; it is not altogether unexpected, and it is congruous. Yet nothing can be more incongruous than the aspect of Mr. J. W. Wells and the ludicrous contrast presented between the dry, business-like statement of his powers and the adorable simplicity of the young enthusiasts. It is of the essence of humour—the perception of incongruity in things apparently coherent. Mr. Grossmith assumed his old part, the *Sorcerer*, with exquisite drollery and humour, and he gave the famous patter-song, "My name is John Wellington Wells," with even greater effect than formerly. He preserved with excellent consistency the gravity that is absolutely indispensable. In this respect he was admirably seconded by Mr. Barrington and Mr. Temple, in their old parts of Dr. Daly and Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre, and by Miss Jessie Bond as Constance. The absorbed solemnity of Mr. Barrington's Dr. Daly, his delightful unconsciousness until his faith in averages is shattered by the feats of the *Sorcerer*, his portly unflinching bearing in the midst of calamities, are memorable features of a clever impersonation. The more vivacious though courtly Sir Marmaduke was portrayed by Mr.



Temple with all the old spirit and humour, his singing in the duet with Lady Sangazure fully illustrated the bright and piquant music. Mr. Durward Lely's singing was more satisfactory than his acting as Alexis. In singing he not only displayed the knowledge of an excellent artist, but the serious devotion and passion required of him. Miss Braham sang with great charm and intelligence, though in acting she was not altogether the ideal Aline. The Lady Sangazure of Miss Brandram was a capital performance in all respects, and Miss Ada Dorée played the demure Mrs. Partlet with an amusing deference and humility. Miss Jessie Bond's Constance was in many respects remarkable, a study of humour excellent for finish and consistency, and abounding in original and effective touches. In singing Miss Bond was not less satisfactory, her admirable vocalization being supplemented in the scene with the notary by a diverting show of comic byplay.

The dramatic cantata *Trial by Jury*, which follows *The Sorcerer* in the Savoy programme, is one of those happy inspirations that seem assured of perennial popularity. Its humour is of the broad and obvious kind that appeals to every one, and its music is (with the exception above made) comprised of airs and choruses that no sooner reach the ear than they captivate. The best points in the present revival are the assumption of the learned Judge by Mr. Barrington and the efficiency of the chorus. The Judge of Mr. Barrington is perfectly original. It is distinguished by a slyness and quaintness of demeanour, a facial play of extreme versatility that is very laughable, particularly when it takes the form of an annotation on the famous song that tells how he was promoted to the Bench. Miss Florence Dysart was only partially successful as the Plaintiff, and there was nothing remarkable in the Defendant of Mr. Lely or the Plaintiff's Counsel of Mr. Eric Lewis.

Parody in some form or other is the inevitable fate of the successful drama nowadays, and one that dramatists may be said to court. *Called Back* had already been burlesqued, after a rough rather than a dexterous fashion, before the production of Mr. Herman Merivale's *Called There and Back* at the Gaiety. Mr. Merivale's burlesque follows the lines of the drama with the amount of fidelity requisite to grotesque similitude. It is written in verse which is neatly turned. The actors devote their energies to hitting off the company at the Prince's. Mr. Royce's Massacri and Mr. Elton's Old Sinner are very good caricatures, in voice and style, of Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Macari and Mr. Fernandez as Dr. Ceneri. Miss Farren's imitation of Mr. Kyrle Bellow is less successful than is the spirit with which she realizes Mr. Merivale's capital burlesque of Gilbert Vaughan. In the first scene he enters the room, where the secret society is assembled, blindfolded and gropes with much untragic purpose about the scene. The murder is committed with the old well-worn business, but an excellent burlesque effect is produced by the stolid unconcerned demeanour of Pauline, who looks on with an expression of comic bewilderment that does Miss Gilchrist credit. In the next scene Pauline appears bereft of reason, while Old Sinner and Gilbert strive, with an absurd show of earnestness, to restore her. Miss Gilchrist not only vividly recalls Miss Lingard in this scene, but acts with humour and a genuine sense of burlesque. The final scene is laid in Siberia, at the convict establishment, where Old Sinner, enfeebled by gout and hobbling on stilts, is discovered by Gilbert. His last speech and ending is very comical, as is also Miss Farren's frankly-expressed surprise when each additional absurdity reveals some distortion of the original play. "It is not a bit like it!" she exclaims in an ingenuous aside to the audience; and, truly, *Called There and Back* is frequently as absurdly unlike as it is grotesquely like its prototype. This commendation, not by any means due to all burlesques, is emphatically due to *Called There and Back*.

#### THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE season of concerts at the Crystal Palace for 1884-5 opened on Saturday the 18th. A most attractive prospectus has been put forth, and the programmes which are given for the ten concerts before Christmas are all interesting, though but two works new to England appear in the list. However, should it be finished in time, Brahms's Fourth Symphony is announced to be performed on March 7th in honour of the composer's birthday. At this first concert it was at once evident that Mr. Manns, by his untiring energy and great talent, had already got his hand to a high pitch of perfection, in spite of the fact that the Norwich Festival must have been the cause of serious interruption and difficulty. The programme opened with Weber's Overture to *Preciosa*, of which a fine performance was given, the band showing sharpness of attack, beauty of tone, and perfect subordination to the will of the conductor. The next purely orchestral number was the Symphony No. 3 in F major (Op. 90), by Brahms. We have already recorded our high opinion of this work when it was produced for the first time in England at the Richter Concert of May 12th. On again hearing it, we find nothing to modify our original impression. The beauties of the composition grow on the hearer with repetition, and the endeavour to force the idea of power in the first movement by rather noisy writing stands out even more clearly as the only point on which adverse criticism is possible, as the true spontaneity and poetic sentiment of the other movements take stronger hold on the mind. The more of Herr Brahms's music we hear in this country the

more we hope that his already great influence in Germany may spread, and save the land of genuine solid music from the ravages of those who, because Wagner was a great composer and Herr Von Bülow is a great pianist, threaten to overthrow real music by feeble eccentricity of composition and furious ill-balanced performance. The only work performed for the first time in England was a Lustspiel-Overture, by Smetana. Some of this composer's music has been performed in former seasons at the Crystal Palace, but those specimens of his power were not likely to inspire hopes of so agreeable and musicianly a composition as this Overture. It is of rather slight construction, but full of evidence of good musical scholarship, and instinct with a rollicking vein of musical humour, never forced, and flowing freely and uninterruptedly from the first bar to the last. Mme. Valleria made her first appearance at these concerts, and sang the recitative and aria "Selva Opaca" from Rossini's *William Tell*, and "Rose softly blooming" from Spohr's *Azor and Zemira*. Her voice is still quite fresh, in spite of the work which it has done, and has even improved in character by taking on more of the roundness of tone of the mezzo-soprano quality. Mme. Valleria sang well and with good feeling, and showed that the power of singing recitative is not a lost art. It may be hoped that this singer's successes in the concert-room will not altogether deprive opera of her valuable help. Mynheer Theodor Werner made his first appearance at these concerts as a violinist, playing Beethoven's Concerto for violin and orchestra, and Ernst's "Airs Hongroises." He suffered under painful nervousness at first, and his intonation was by no means satisfactory, while his tone seemed thin and unpleasing. But, as he remedied the faulty tuning of his instrument, and his nervousness wore off, slips of intonation became fewer, and the tone gained in roundness and power, and in the "Airs Hongroises" the blemishes which we have noticed disappeared. The main thing, however, was that Mynheer Werner showed himself to be an artist, one of a type, but too rare at present, when as a rule we are called upon to listen to the hysterical ravings of ill-disciplined self-conceit under the title of genius, or the machine-like playing introduced as a protest against the other school, and known as pure and reverent classical style. Mynheer Werner can play classical music with feeling and fire, and yet without exaggeration, and Romantic solos without hysterics, and yet with spirit and abandon; he further has the merit of playing difficult passages for the display of technique, easily, fluently, and yet without that nameless form of accent by which the professors of the firework school say to their audience "see how difficult this passage is, and yet how easily I play it." We hope often to hear this artist again when nervousness has not half paralysed his powers, and when he may be able even more fully to show his great command over his instrument, his true and steady musical feeling, and artistic judgment in phrasing.

Perhaps, at the beginning of the season, we may again raise a cry for mercy at the hands of the directors of these concerts. Over two hours of high-class music, with no pause exceeding two minutes in length, is more than any one whom music moves can listen to without such fatigue as tends almost to destroy his pleasure. Surely the subscribers cannot be such music gluttons that they would oppose the omission of one or more numbers from the weekly programmes, so that a wait of a quarter of an hour or so might be introduced in the middle of the concert. We feel sure that, if the directors could make this change, they would receive the thanks of the majority of the regular attendants at these concerts.

## REVIEWS.

#### THE NORTH-EAST FRONTIER OF BENGAL.\*

THAT our North-Western Frontier in India should have a historian of its raids, reprisals, physical features, and clans who have lived by plunder since the days of Alexander the Great is not surprising. It has been the gate of India by which Scythian, Aryan, and Mohammedan invaders have come down on the plains. Every distinguished administrator in the Punjab, Scinde, or the North-West Provinces has had his own theory as to the best means of providing for its defence. Alarmists are never wanting to call up a vision of some Muscovite Mahmud descending through the Khyber or from the Suleiman range, with hordes of Central Asian cavalry at his back ready to loot the rich capitalists of Delhi and Lahore, and certain to be aided by every discontented adventurer or noble between Lucknow and Hyderabad. All this is very natural and proper. No one would underrate the importance of our North-Western boundary or the necessity of dealing with Wuzarees and Afridis by conciliation or force, as the case may demand. But this volume reminds us that we have a North-Eastern frontier also; that it is occupied by strange tribes, of whose dialects till lately even missionaries knew little or nothing; and that the due control or management of these savages has exercised and perplexed the Foreign Department of the Government of India, successive Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, and the Chief Commissioner of Assam since its separation, for the last

\* *History of the Relations of the Government with the Hill Tribes of the North-East Frontier of Bengal.* By Alexander Mackenzie, of the Bengal Civil Service, Secretary to the Government of India in the Home Department, and formerly Under-Secretary and Secretary to the Government of Bengal. Calcutta: Printed at the Home Department Press. 1884.

two generations. In one respect there is no analogy between our frontier beyond the Indus and that beyond the Brahmaputra. No potentate at Lhasa or Pekin thinks of a raid on Dacca from the source of the Dehing River. No Englishman is allowed to go from Debrogur or Sadiya to any frontier town in Thibet. No caravans bring the silk and tea of China from Bathang to Debrogur. But, for all that, the North-East frontier presents serious political and social problems of its own. There are savages to be dealt with or punished; the property of tea-planters to be preserved; strange customs and dialects to be investigated; ethnology and philology to be considered in new aspects; and assurance to be given to our own unwelcome and inoffensive subjects that while they are watching their crops on raised platforms, driving off wild hogs and deer, and reclaiming the jungle, they shall not be decapitated or carried off into slavery because the embers of some old standing quarrel have been revived, or a chief wants half a dozen heads to propitiate some offended deity of the hills and forests.

The compilation before us is opportune, full of instructive matter, and very systematically arranged. Nothing is left to conjecture. There are no terrible gaps in the correspondence, which has been carefully analysed. The table of contents is so ample that it makes us forget the want of an index, and we have a good map of what is a very queer and outlying dependency of the splendid Province of Bengal. Nevertheless we cannot avoid noticing a grave disregard of precedent and a novel license of comment by which this official publication is characterized. That officials of the Civil, Military, and Medical Services in India should contribute to the daily and weekly journals and to Anglo-Indian periodical literature is nothing new, improper, or irregular. Many of them possess valuable facts and experiences in lines unattainable by others, and that the administrative view of men and measures should be put forward anonymously, without betrayal of State secrets and with, of course, a fitting sense of responsibility, is conducive to good government. In past times many distinguished persons discussed important questions in the newspapers or in monthly and quarterly magazines. Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Henry Elliot, Mr. H. M. Parker, Sir J. P. Grant, Mr. H. W. Torrens, forty years back; and Sir G. Campbell, Sir Ashley Eden and others, and Mr. Mackenzie himself, in more recent days, have written anonymous articles and leaders, or letters with signatures that never concealed the author's identity. It is just a quarter of a century since the late Mr. James Hume started a paper especially intended to support the Government, to which Civil Servants still living were regular contributors. But these gentlemen knew how to establish a broad line between their independent utterances and their official work. It never occurred to them to supplement a compilation based mainly on public documents by something which at some odd moment of welcome leisure they had written for the readers of the *Mofussilite*, the *Star*, or the *Friend of India* in its best days. Neither when entrusted with the preparation of any departmental narrative did they encumber it with "inferences or comments for which I alone am responsible." Mr. Mackenzie as a writer of very readable and useful leading articles for the *Pioneer* is one person. As Secretary in the Home Department he is a different person altogether. It was not necessary for him to suggest to his readers that, like a well-known character in Molière, one portion of his work regarded the coachman and the other concerned the cook. Moreover, some of his remarks are hardly warranted by the very records on which he depends. He informs us more than once that the dealings of previous Lieutenant-Governors or Commissioners had resulted in failure; that Lord Dalhousie thought the North-Eastern frontier a bore or that he was more impressed by the hazards which one of our avenging columns had run than by the gallantry with which it had met them, and he ladles out butter to a contemporary or two for adventures among the Looshais or in Manipur. If a resolution passed by Government awards praise or blame to any body of men or to any one individual, by all means let it be published as throwing light on a frontier policy; or, if any Anglo-Indian Governor has penned a minute showing conclusively that a policy of inactivity and neglect should be exchanged for one of interference or supervision, it may find a place in such a volume. But a secretary to Government is not entitled to make use of the Government archives and the Government printing press, and then loftily to dispense praise and censure as if he were the Government itself. Considering, too, that Mr. Mackenzie, though, no doubt, a very efficient public servant in more departments than one, has been more or less mixed up in such measures as the Ilbert Bill, the Rent Act, and other hashes and muddles which have signalized Lord Ripon's administration, it would have been more judicious to have introduced no comments or stage "asides," and to have allowed the records to speak and the readers to judge for themselves.

Nevertheless, this compilation has much merit, and it brings out the peculiarities of this part of Her Majesty's dominions with singular clearness and force. In the first place, these border tribes are not all exactly on our border. We mean that they do not form one single though irregular fringe at the slope of some line of rocky hills, on the edge of some impenetrable forest, or on the borders of some plains covered alternately with reeds and rice. It is quite true that on the ranges which are our barrier on the right bank of the Brahmaputra we have in succession the Akhas, the Duphas, the Abors, the Singphos, and the Mishmis. It would also be correct to say that, beyond the district of Chittagong one of our earliest acquisitions in Bengal, we have the Looshais, the

Shans, and the Khyens. But a wave of Naga tribes curls round, as it were, and comes in at the back of the Jyntia Hills, and between that little non-regulation district and the Assamese districts of Nowgong and Sibsagar. Manipur, where we have long had a Political Resident, touches Independent Tipperah, where till very lately we had no agent at all. And almost in the midst of three districts settled since the days of Lord Cornwallis, between Gowalpara, Sylhet, and Mymensingh, we have a mountainous tract, which, though often seen by travellers in budgerow or steamer on their way to Assam, was as unexplored, as unknown, and was thought to be as deadly and malarious as Borrioboola Gha. While we had contrived to know something of Abors, Mishmis, and Nagas; and while one of the last acts of Lord Mayo was to organize a successful expedition against the Looshais, it is only within a very few years that any officer has been specially told off to deal with the blood feuds of the Garos, to open their fastnesses by roads, and to put a stop to their trade in the heads of harmless Bengali villagers.

Mr. Mackenzie gives credit to the late Sir Cecil Beadon for having discovered the right treatment of these inarticulate and troublesome savages. We do not the least undervalue that Lieutenant-Governor's merits, and give him full praise for his policy on this head. Sir C. Beadon cleverly drew a distinction between black-mail which is paid under fear of raids, and stipulated allowances which are the reward of abstentions from such raids. In the one case the savage is paid to induce him to forbear, while in the other he is only rewarded when he has kept to his own side of the border. A full account of the various modes by which local officers have dealt with each community, independent or tributary, will be found in this work. Firmness, friendly intercourse, light assessments, the removal of all impediments to barter and trade, the visits of Englishmen in the cold season, the definition of disputed boundaries, the stopping of allowances in case of aggression, presents for good behaviour, sternness and generosity, a due mixture of the *fortiter* and the *suaviter*—all these expedients have been tried with more or less success. These frontier troubles require time, development, and tact. They are more difficult than summary settlements of revenue, the promulgation of a simple criminal code, the establishment of vernacular and district schools, the simplification of civil justice, or all those problems which are both the delight and the despair of Anglo-Indian administrators. We are, however, forced to the conclusion that conciliation is of little avail until the Government has shown that its might is irresistible. The untutored savage must first be taught that for the unseen power which resides at Gowhatti, or Calcutta, or Dacca no river is too deep to be crossed, no jungle is impenetrable, no stockade is so beset with snares and spikes that it cannot be stormed, no peak the residence of pitiless marauders is inaccessible to Goorkhas and mountain guns, led by British officers who are aided by the local knowledge of some aspiring Political Agent. Several promising public servants have lost their lives in well-meant attempts to interfere between rival villages or to protect our own subjects. And Mr. Mackenzie pays a just tribute to the memory of one of those early administrators, whose force of character exercised a powerful influence over English subordinates and native chiefs alike, and who had full scope for his peculiar qualifications in a new and tempting field. David Scott has been long known to Assamese officials and to a few students of the period that succeeded the first Burmese war, as an administrator of the highest class. Unfortunately for his fame the campaign of 1824 was costly in lives and treasure. Everybody was glad when it was over at a cost of ten millions sterling; and Arracan and Assam, and even the Tenasserim Provinces, the territorial results of the campaign, were for a long time known as malarious or unprofitable tracts. Had Mr. Scott been associated with Mahratta intrigues or Sikh diplomacy, he would, as Mr. Mackenzie remarks, have been entitled to a place in the catalogue of eminent administrators, not much inferior to Malcolm, Elphinstone, and Munro. But he lived and died in an obscure and jungly province, and when the era of the Wellesleys and the Hastings had closed and that of Dalhousie and Canning had not dawned.

It would be very easy to depreciate the value of such a publication by selecting the uncouth, obscure, and unfamiliar names with which these pages abound. Anthony Trollope excused himself for the short title of one of his novels by saying that no reader would ask at the libraries for a novel bearing the title of the *Great Orley Farm Case*. We may say that no one into whose hands this compilation falls ought to be deterred from its perusal by lighting on such sentences as the following, which are specimens of scores of others:—

Poiboi and Lalhai would appear to be often guilty of acts of oppression. These refugees were located for the present in the Kookie village of Akhai Punji, on the west bank of the Barak River, opposite the mouth of the Jhiri River.

Or again:—

In July 1877 hostilities broke out between the Eastern chiefs, Langkam, Lalbura, Chunglen, and Bunte, and the Western chiefs, Sookpillal, Khalgum, his son, and Lempomga.

But those, as Macaulay said about the petty and dry facts of history, who will not crack the nut will never get at the kernel. Sookpillal, by the way, who figures constantly in connexion with Von Pillal, appears to have been by no means a bad sort of fellow, and his death in the early part of 1881 was much regretted because "his great influence had of late been steadily exerted in favour of friendly and conciliatory relations." Incidental notices of odd



customs and superstitions are naturally more acceptable than the feuds of local heroes. The Mikir Nagas, close to the Assamese district of Nowgong, pay us a sum annually of 1,700 rupees. It is collected from five divisions of the community by a chief who is allowed 12½ per cent. for his trouble. These people drink like fishes, ratify marriage by draining a bowl of liquor, are very fond of keeping pigs, burn their dead, and then bury the ashes. They are generally inoffensive, and have begun to send their children to school. A tradition about their origin is too long to quote. It is a medley of Rama and Krishna, of Ahom the ancestor of the Assamese nobles, and of the original individual Naga, who cleared the country of mice when the Hindu hero and the divinity failed. The Looshaie, if we recollect right, are described in one of Captain Lewin's early reports as very foul feeders. They will eat anything, from the carcass of an elephant to a jackal or lizard, and suffer in consequence from horrible cutaneous diseases. Certain individuals of these tribes, notably the Akas, were selected and brought down to the late Calcutta Exhibition, saw strange sights, and were modelled or photographed to their amazement and delight. In fact, of late years everything has been done to teach them that the British Government is an indulgent master, but one who is not to be trifled with and on whom no tricks are to be played.

The value of Assam as a province, girt as it is with these savages, is gradually on the rise. A splendid sanatorium has been found at Shillong, on undulating ground where at an elevation of nearly 6,500 feet, the rainfall is about one hundred inches. On the Cherra Poonji ridge, not far off on the edge of the Sylhet plains, the force of the monsoon discharges itself at the rate of 500 inches in the year. It would be more correct to say that the rainfall is measured by feet. Of tea cultivation in Assam, its trade, prospects, and returns, mention has often been made in this journal. But Assam produces other exports. Elephants are to be caught, and india-rubber is to be found in considerable quantities in the jungles; while with its rivers and mountain ranges it is not likely ever to suffer from famine. It is more likely to have too much of water. Mr. Mackenzie at the close of his narrative seems to advocate what elsewhere would be termed a forward policy. No doubt the Government of India will have to lay down definite rules of some elasticity suited to the requirements of each tribe. It must select its officers for these remote outposts, and must pay them fairly and support them well. But there is every reason to think that the treatment of the North-East frontier may not have been marked by the blundering with which we have become so familiar in Lord Ripon's time.

#### MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.\*

A VERY great deal has been written of late years on Marcus Aurelius, but it is fair to say that Mr. Watson in the volume before us (a book written and printed in the United States, though published in London) has by no means contented himself with following his predecessors. They, or at least the most recent and distinguished of them, have chiefly busied themselves with Marcus as a thinker. Mr. Watson has endeavoured mainly to study his character and history, while not neglecting his thought. He appears to have read the literature of the subject extensively, indeed (if a bibliographical index of the "chief works consulted" may be trusted) almost exhaustively; he adopts the latest fashions of Latin spelling, and in other ways seems to take the standpoint of the scholar. This being so, it is odd to come across at an early page the statement that the *equites* had been in the early times of the Republic "a regularly organized order of officers in the army." The mistake, which we have italicized, is not easy to account for charitably as a slip or oversight, and it is one which, if it be a deliberate statement, even a tiro in Roman history and Roman literature ought not to make. However, though there are a few of these things, there are not many.

A graver fault in Mr. Watson's book is a certain apparent inability to take the point of view of his time and subject, and a frequent lapse into the "we may suppose" style of writing, which is all the worse because, in some cases at least, we may not suppose any such thing. The following is bad, but harmless:—

It is not difficult to picture to ourselves the zeal with which these friends used, after a rich but quiet repast in the residence of the senator, to discuss the bright days of the past, and look forward with anxiety to the uncertainties of the future. Each was ambitious to establish his own family interests, and each was fully aware that before many years his own efforts in this direction would have to cease. We can easily imagine with how great sadness on such occasions the Emperor was forced to recollect that he was without a child. Then perhaps the young Antoninus, who had been already raised to positions of great honour by the Emperor, would come in to bring some little token from Faustina to her father; he would inquire for his nephew, Marcus, and the child would be brought in to be kissed and to receive the blessing of the Emperor. It would be strange if Hadrian did not at times envy the good fortune of his friend, who was blessed with such a son and grandson.

Another passage is less excusable:—

The domestic concerns of the family in which Marcus thus spent the bright days of his boyhood were by no means what Antoninus wished. On more occasions than one he experienced a bitter pang of grief upon hearing the stories which were circulated about his wife, Faustina. He undoubtedly remonstrated with her again and again, and urged her to reject the advances of the many flatterers who surrounded her. He probably pointed to her own children and to her pretty little nephew, who was growing up to manhood under their roof, and tried to make her feel the danger to which her example was exposing the younger generation, especially in those days,

when vice was so prevalent in the upper classes of society. At such times as these it is likely that Faustina repented, and confessed with bitter tears her former folly. And thus her husband became all the more attached to her, since pity was mingled with his affection.

Now all we can say is that, from the accounts of the elder Faustina which have come down to us, it is very unlikely that she did anything of the sort. But in respect both to this lady and to her daughter Mr. Watson has undertaken to play Gregorovius to the Roman Empress's Lucrezia, without, like the fair Borgia's doughty champion, bringing any new evidence to bear, or dealing in any fresh or vigorous fashion with the evidence usually believed. It may be very unpleasant to a historian to deal with stale scandal, and especially such very stale scandal as that of Dio and the *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ*. But he should either deal with it manfully or else let it alone. Mr. Watson has done neither, and we must say that such arguments as those which he uses in reference both to the Faustinas and to Lucius Verus incline us to think much better of his charity than of his judgment. "The numerous honours," says he, "conferred upon Faustina the younger go far towards removing the infamy with which scandal has branded her name." It would be somewhat of an insult to the reader's intelligence to offer any comment upon, much less any confutation of, this astounding argument. Here is another, however, a little less glaringly absurd, but only a little less. Mr. Watson has quoted a very pretty and proper letter, written by Verus from Antioch to his tutor, Fronto, apologizing for being a bad correspondent, speaking feelingly of the difficulties of the State and so forth. "It is absurd," says Mr. Watson with honest indignation, "to imagine for a moment that an Emperor who was being jeered at by every one in the East for his licentiousness would write thus to Rome." The absurdity seems to us to be indeed present, but to lie on the other side. It is unfortunately not necessary to go to the spoiled demigods and autocrats of Rome for examples of young men (and old men too) who can write very pretty and proper letters to persons with whom they wish to stand well, and yet live in a fashion by no means pretty or proper. And as for the "cleverness" which Mr. Watson detects in this same letter, does he think that Verus and Antioch were at any loss for sophists who could dress up a pretty letter of commonplaces and proprieties in return for a few gold pieces or a day's invitation to Daphne? Of course no one says that Verus or that Faustina has not been libelled, nor does any reasonable person put implicit trust in the unsavoury *omnium gatherum* of Capitolinus and his fellows. But, if nothing better can be said than that the Senate called Faustina Diva, and that "a handsome letter, a very handsome letter," came from Lucius Verus to Fronto, we are afraid the lady and the Emperor are both in evil case. We must notice some other oddities in Mr. Watson's argumentative attitude. He does not, as we have said, bestow a very large space on the philosophical work of Aurelius; but he has a whole chapter, and a long one, on the Emperor's attitude to Christianity; it is thus summed up:—

In short, the Christianity which was offered to Marcus Aurelius was not the Christianity of Christ. It was heresy, and he rejected it. The persecutions under Marcus Aurelius were, therefore, in reality a blessing to the Church, inasmuch as they helped to purify her from the heresies with which her life was threatened.

This he has supported by a very long, and we are bound to say an extremely irrelevant, sketch of the heresies not only of Aurelius's time, but of others, and by a most adventurous assertion that the persecution at Lyons was wholly or mainly due to the Montanist character of Lyonsese Christianity. It is almost a pity that Mr. Watson had not the full courage of his paradox, and did not represent Marcus as an early instance of the secular arm exerting itself in favour of (if not exactly called in by) the Church in order to repress heresy and favour orthodoxy. There is no need to examine how much of the theory as he does hold is Mr. Watson's and how much somebody else's; but it is certainly an unphilosophical and superfluous, not to say a totally erroneous, explanation of an attitude which has no difficulties for any one who, knowing the circumstances, is content to take facts as they are. There is little or no reason to suppose that Aurelius examined or considered Christianity from the religious point of view at all; and the persecutions of his reign, like earlier and later persecutions, simply express the well-known constabulary attitude of Rome towards her subjects. Persons and things which caused a breach of the peace were not to be tolerated; and Christianity, usually by the faults of its enemies, and occasionally by the indiscretion of its disciples, not unfrequently caused breaches of the peace. So, when it showed itself actively, it was to be put down, or to be attempted to be put down—which turned out a very different thing indeed. Mr. Watson, indeed, knows this, as the following passage shows:—

It must be distinctly borne in mind that, in the struggle between Rome and Christianity, Rome was rather the champion of tolerance than of intolerance. She would probably have been willing to incorporate Christ among the gods of Rome, but the spirit of Christianity rebelled against the idea of having its God associated with any other. It demanded nothing less than the abolition of the old Roman worship and religion. It is not strange, therefore, that an emperor whose devotion to the gods of Rome was so sincere as that of Marcus should resist the encroachments of the new faith. Moreover, the difference in religious views drew after it some very important political consequences. There can be no question that the Christians were bad citizens. It was said, and undoubtedly was in many cases true, that they refused to serve in the imperial armies. Besides this, it was, of course, impossible for the followers of Jesus to dignify by the title of *Diuses* those emperors who at their deaths had been enrolled among the gods of Rome; and for a similar reason they were excluded from taking part in a great many other demonstrations by which the citizens proved their allegiance to the Empire. When we consider how close was

\* *Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*. By Paul Barron Watson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

the connexion between the Roman worship and the state, and when we remember that nearly every event of importance, such as a victory or an elevation to the throne, was celebrated by a sacrifice in which the Christians could take no part, we shall easily understand how they came to be looked upon as enemies to the Empire itself.

But he is not content with it.

From these and other examples, which could be easily multiplied, it appears that Mr. Watson, if not exactly what one early Father observed of another early Father, *σφόδρα σμικρὸς τὸν νοῦν*, is by no means a man of very strong judgment. A passage in which he innocently discusses the reasons which may have induced Hadrian to adopt Ælius Verus is positively irritating in its bland unconsciousness or ignoring of the gist of the very extracts from Spartianus which he is conscientiously putting before the reader. But he appears also to possess a very creditable diligence in seeking facts out, a not inconsiderable faculty of stating and arranging those which do not need any very great acuteness to interpret them, and (as far as is consistent with his determination to think the best of everything and everybody, even Commodus, connected with his subject) a laudable endeavour to put all the facts before the reader. His account of the legal reforms and alterations which took place under Marcus's influence, or at least in his time, is minute, and, though it is not easy to warrant such a thing without very close and special examination, seems to be careful and correct. The obscure and involved business of the Marcomannic wars (Thundering Legion and all) is dealt with by him with much patience and some success, though he is either entirely destitute or entirely contemptuous of the art of throwing in collateral information, and making the most of a few points of illustrative detail which makes the military historian. His analysis of the "Thoughts," though very brief, has the advantage of being mainly a *cento* from his author's own words, and therefore necessarily instructive; and, above all, he has the merit which outweighs a hundred defects in an historian—the merit of giving foot-notes containing sometimes the very words of his authorities, and always an exact reference to them. He thus in most cases enables even the cursory reader to correct any little errors of judgment such as those we have quoted, and makes it as little difficult as possible for the actual student to get at the truth of the matter. Add to this that, though he is somewhat given to fine writing, there is no pretentiousness about him; and it will be seen that Mr. Watson, if not exactly a Gibbon or a Thucydides, is not a man to be spoken of very unkindly. It is not in human nature not to pish and pschaw a little at his unflinching optimism and his curious fallacies. But he has collected in a readable and accessible form most of the facts about a great subject, and that is of itself not a small thing.

#### NEW PRINTS.

THE art of "photogravure" is making rapid strides. The peculiar invention which is identified with the name of Messrs. Goupil produces prints which are simply marvellous for depth, accuracy, minuteness, and an amount of truth in rendering the relative value of different colours which we never expected in the early days of photography. Two parts are before us of a superb work on French and foreign art, entitled *Grands Peintres*, which Messrs. Goupil are bringing out, and it is impossible to appreciate too highly the beauty of the numerous engravings. There is a "Harem Scene" in the second part, from a picture by the eminent American artist, Mr. F. A. Bridgman, which may be examined with a magnifying glass before the details of mosaic and lattice-work are exhausted; yet the little print, only some seven inches wide, has all the breadth of effect of a large picture. A small landscape, "Tents of Nomads at Biskra," which serves as a tail-piece to the notice of the artist's career, is printed in a bluish tint, with excellent results. The larger engravings are equally successful, the best, perhaps, in softness and delicate gradation being one after Van Marcke. Some cattle stand in a pool; in the background are dark trees and flats of thick grass; one of the cows looks out of the picture, and her nose seems to project from the surface in a way that is perfectly surprising, and reminds us more of Paul Potter's "Bull" at the Hague than anything else. Another landscape with cattle forms the head-piece to the memoir. A white cow is lying in the foreground and a darker one stands behind. Here, again, the stereoscopic effect is extraordinary. The first article is signed "René Ménard," and relates to the career of M. Bouguereau. He bears the unusual Christian name, for a Frenchman, of William, and was born at Rochelle in 1825. He studied in the atelier of Picot, who excelled as a teacher, and in 1850 he, with M. Paul Baudry, obtained the coveted *Prix de Rome*. Since then his progress has been continual, and many readers will remember his picture in last year's Academy, "Twilight." The article is illustrated with facsimiles of studies, and with a beautiful print of the "Amour Fraternel," a group of the Holy Family. There is some difficulty, by the way, in identifying the titles of many of the prints in these volumes, but probably a list will come out when the work is completed. The next article, on Josef Israels, is by M. Zilcken, who is very much in sympathy with the great Dutch artist. A wonderful little landscape, of greenish tint, representing a canal on which a man is towing a barge, with dark trees behind, makes a head-piece, and from the extreme delicacy of the chiaroscuro justifies M. Zilcken in saying that Rembrandt is the artist's favourite master. There follows a number of facsimiles from chalk drawings which we confess are not either interesting

or instructive, and the principal illustration is a fine print of a poor family at a meal, of which we cannot find any mention in the letterpress. M. Zilcken truly points out that M. Israels was first valued at his real worth in England. An exquisite little oval print representing a group of young sempstresses instructed by an old woman makes the tail-piece. The first volume concludes with a paper on M. Jules Breton by M. Eugène Montrosier, whose opening sentence is characteristic of the whole article. "M. Jules Breton m'attire et me passionne." The first illustration shows a number of wild-looking peasant girls dancing round a fire in the twilight under a new moon. Some charming facsimiles of chalk drawings follow, one little girl's head being most lifelike and pleasing. The principal illustration is from a picture of three peasant girls in earnest conversation on their way to work, but its exact title escapes us.

The second volume opens with M. Fabre's notice of the works of M. Laurens, the historical painter, written in an interesting narrative style, like a story. M. Laurens, like so many great French artists, is the son of a peasant, and was born in a village named Lauragnais, near Fourquevaux, in 1838. There is a fine print, full of brilliant light and sombre shade, representing a pope to whom a monk is reading a voluminous document. The picture by which M. Laurens is best known is the "Austrian Staff before the Body of Marceau," which in 1876 won him the Medal of Honour at the Salon. This picture is not represented in the volume. The next article relates to M. van Marcke, who was born at Sèvres in 1829, his father being of an ancient Flemish family. Having married, while still young, the daughter of M. Robert, the chemist attached to the porcelain factory at his native place, M. van Marcke remained at Sèvres painting china for nine years. His friendship with Troyon, who had also in early life been connected with the factory, brought him to Paris. At first his pictures were spoken of as mere reflections of Troyon; but after Troyon's death, in 1865, M. van Marcke showed himself capable of carrying on his work and improving his style; he must now be appreciated for himself, and certainly his paintings are highly thought of by his countrymen. Here he is hardly so well known as he should be, and the reason is not far to seek. A few of his pictures are seen annually at Messrs. Goupil's gallery in Bond Street or at Mr. Wallis's in Pall Mall; but, in spite of qualities which sometimes almost raise him to the rank of Paul Potter, and place him considerably above our own cattle-painters—Mr. Cooper, Mr. Ansdell, or Mr. Davis—the English eye cannot easily accustom itself to the foreign forms of M. van Marcke's cows, their want of what we call breeding, and their unfashionable colours. M. van Marcke will, however, when such things are forgotten, be thought more of here, and the beautiful illustrations of this article, some of which we described above, show how solidly his reputation with his countrymen is founded. It would be too easy to dwell over the rest of this fine book. The notice of Mr. Bridgman we have already mentioned. It will suffice to say that nothing so pleasing in the way of what the Americans call "process" has hitherto come into our hands.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. have published a portfolio of facsimiles by the Goupil process from Mr. F. Barnard's drawings in illustration of Dickens. The original drawings are evidently in the black-and-white style of an artist accustomed to work on wood. There are six in all in the portfolio; the first, which represents Mr. Pecksniff, being the most clever, but departing least from the "Phiz" tradition. More original and very beautiful is the scene from the *Old Curiosity Shop*—little Nell and her grandfather resting by the wayside. Mr. Weller, senior, telling Sam he would make a very good oyster, owing to his powers of suction, "if he'd been born in that station in life," is thoroughly comic. Messrs. Goupil have also made photogravure prints after two pictures by Mr. Marcus Stone—"A Prior Attachment" and "An Offer of Marriage." They are very delicate and clearly printed, and have a most decorative effect, in spite of the absence of colour. In their coloured facsimiles Messrs. Goupil—or, to give them the new name of the firm, Messrs. Boussod & Valadon—are equally successful. It requires more than a second look to assure us that the study of a fisher-boy, after Israels, is not a water-colour. Two landscapes after Allongé are almost equally deceptive. It is to be hoped they will make the art of this painter more familiar in England. The depth in the green foliage beyond "L'Étang" in one of them is marvellous. We cannot praise so unreservedly two rather vulgar costume pieces after M. Corcos, "Sympathy" and "Yes or No," but the fault is in the artist, not the engraver.

Messrs. Tooth of the Haymarket have published a large etching, by M. L'Hermite, of the west front of Rouen Cathedral. It strikes us as a model example of what architectural etching ought to be. As a rule, such work is either too much like an architect's design, or too vague, with detail sacrificed to pictorial effect. M. L'Hermite has succeeded in steering clear of both these mistakes, and has produced a fine and correct as well as picturesque view. The market-place, with its numerous figures, is as good as the church. Another etching comes from Messrs. Goupil. It is Gainsborough's "Market Cart," in the National Gallery, engraved by M. Koeppling, who has also done the same painter's "Cottage Door," in the collection of the Duke of Westminster. We greatly prefer the "Market Cart." It is more brilliant as an etching, and it also shows more feeling for Gainsborough and a greater insight into his meaning and method. The same publishers have employed M. Rajon to etch "Master Crew," after Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is a large print—too large, indeed, for this kind of work. One cannot help contrasting it mentally with



a mezzotint or a line-engraving. It has, however, the high merit of being exceedingly like the picture, but wants variety and depth. The old well-known print of the boy in Tudor costume is much more satisfactory; but of course such a print is not easily obtained now, and etching is all the fashion. The same publishers have issued one very successful etching—namely, "The Young Widow," by M. Massard. It is a copy of the beautiful picture by Greuze, which hangs in our National Gallery, where it has been deposited by Lord Dufferin. The face is exquisitely beautiful, and has rather a more intelligent expression than we usually see in Greuze's portraits. The etching gives all the softness of the original, and is, in fact, very charming, and quite as successful as any engraving or mezzotint could possibly be. As the original picture is almost in black and white, there is very little lost, and any one who likes to see a pretty face will be glad to possess this etching. We had nearly overlooked a photogravure print after Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Offering to Eros." Here, again, the want of colour is no loss, but for a very different reason. Though so large and full of figures, the composition is so loose, the action so theatrical, and the heads so uninteresting, that we cannot care for the picture. It may have elements of popularity in it, though they escape us, and it is not always possible to tell what may hit the popular taste; but Mr. Schmalz, as we saw in the last exhibitions of the Grosvenor and the Royal Academy, is producing too much, and cannot mix so much "brains" in his colours as Sir Joshua would have thought necessary. On the whole, looking back over the prints we have mentioned, it is worth while to note the satisfactory character of the engraving by photographic processes; and it is impossible not to see that a great future is before it.

#### A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.\*

IN one of the most charming nursery books of the present season is to be found a pretty little story of three children who amuse themselves by sitting down, each of them to try and write a book. The ambition of one is to become the author of a fairy tale, only she is obliged to confess:—"I have never known any fairies except in books. But, of course, it would not do to put one book inside another—any one can do that." The compiler of the present volume has abundantly shown that he can do it, and has not shrunk from undertaking the task which was so conscientiously declined by the juvenile personage whose words of wisdom have just been quoted. On the whole, indeed, we seem to have had enough of the history of the establishment and early days of the *Edinburgh Review*; and all about Holland House, and the wonderfully clever and superior people who lived in it, and who were in the habit of frequenting it, and of wanting to govern the world from it. The individual character, and work, and play of Sydney Smith can never, indeed, cease to be an interesting and valuable study, and these are in no danger of being forgotten. The excellent and delightful memoir of her father by his daughter, who became the wife of the late Sir Henry Holland, supplied every reasonable desire for knowledge of the eminent man whose sayings and doings are so well recorded in it. The preface to that book set forth in an admirable manner what such a narrative ought to be, and the performance of that labour of love amply justified and fulfilled the spirit in which it was announced to have been undertaken. The important surrounding transactions and public events of the period were, with good taste and discretion, omitted; while attention was concentrated on the portrait of the man which was to be presented in the truest and tenderest touches which full knowledge and affection could bestow upon it. Mr. Reid, however, is not satisfied with such a mode of treatment; he must have a "Life and Times," and must begin with his

Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum.

The next line but one in the *Epistola ad Pisonem* need not be quoted, because the expectation raised by his title is saved from total disappointment by the republication of the old materials used by him in conjunction with a slight amount of additional matter, which, however, taken by itself, would be of little or no value. Pains, no doubt, would appear to have been taken in hunting up unexhausted sources of information; and some seventy letters have been discovered and printed, which do not appear among the 566 letters which were carefully selected by Mrs. Austin to accompany the memoir by Lady Holland. If a thing has been once thoroughly well done, it is generally a mistake, and it is apt to end in failure, to attempt to do it over again; and it cannot be said of Mr. Reid that he has succeeded in exempting himself from the usual fate.

The book is also disfigured by efforts at fine writing and by the pointing of morals, no less than by its unfair and bitter spirit of political partisanship, a spirit which would have been peculiarly offensive to the honest and kindly estimate of other men and their opinions always entertained by the subject of the newly-printed biography. There is an unjustifiable sneer at Mr. Perceval in the matter of an Indian appointment given by a wicked Tory Government to Leyden, the Oriental scholar, whose premature death caused so much regret when it occurred. Leyden went to India in the year 1803. Perceval was Attorney-General in that year, and did not become Prime Minister until 1809.

\* *A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* By Stuart J. Reid. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1884.

In fact, Leyden's appointment was given to him by William Dundas, then at the Board of Control. The only available place that could be found for him was a medical one; but it was quite understood that his talents should be employed in India upon his literary researches. In another passage Castlereagh is classed with "men of the capacity and temperament of Perceval and Liverpool." These were all men of ability, quite competent for the service of their country in high stations, and many matters of no slight national importance were successfully transacted during the time when the conduct of affairs was in their hands; but Castlereagh was certainly one of the most conspicuous, capable, and eminent of British statesmen. Again, Lord Liverpool's tenure of power is said to form one of the darkest and most discreditable periods in modern history, an opinion which will scarcely be shared by any unprejudiced person who is moderately well acquainted with the annals of England during the years in question.

It should be mentioned that the book is adorned with neat woodcuts, intended to illustrate the text. Of these some may be accepted as appropriate and useful. But such subjects as Edinburgh Castle, York Minster, Bristol Cathedral, and the dome of St. Paul's need hardly have been produced because Sydney Smith once lived in Edinburgh, and was a canon at Bristol and a member of the Chapter of London. The dedication of the volume to Mr. Ruskin is a marvel of ingenuity in finding a similarity of character, only to be matched by that existing between Macdon and Monmouth, "Tis alike, as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon in both." Each laboured in the common cause of progress, says the dedication, in an uncommon way, and (marvellous in the extreme) Sydney Smith was the first in the literary circles of London to assert the value of *Modern Painters*. So, indeed, was Mr. Reid informed by so competent an authority as Mr. Ruskin in person in his reply to Mr. Reid's circular letter for information, addressed to him, with the further intimation that Sydney Smith's *Moral Philosophy* is the only book on the subject which Mr. Ruskin cares that his pupils should read. How thoroughly would a wholesome laugh from the sage and humorous Canon himself have puffed away into the realms of everlasting ridicule this attempt to establish a duality of mutual admiration! The replies to inquiry elicited from Mr. Gladstone, Sir Richard Owen, and Lord Granville do not add anything of value to the stock of anecdotes about Sydney Smith. Each of the two former contributes one, and the last merely echoes the general and well-known estimate of what he was.

The name of Sheil is wrongly spelled (as is, however, not unfrequently the case) when it occurs in Mr. Reid's totally needless history of the agitation which ultimately led to the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which, together with other similar matter, fills several pages of what might pass for extracts from the *Annual Register*. The authorship of *Peter Plymley's Letters* is not forgotten, and they are easily accessible and to be read in Sydney Smith's collected works, as may be the best of his review articles and other contributions to political and general literature.

There does not seem to be any occasion for recapitulating in this place the well-known history of the life of the good Churchman and loyal subject who struggled so manfully in his less fortunate days to gain an independence, and who never lost sight of the great principles of right and wrong in all that he wrote and said and did. What we unfortunately have not, is the man himself among us to expose and ridicule, with all the wisdom and wit which belonged to him, the modern proceedings of the political party to which he adhered in his lifetime as carried on by their degenerate successors. Under their management the pursuit of rational liberty has become the encouragement of extravagant license; the high contention for the support of free institutions and for the removal of ancient restrictions and disabilities, with due regard to the true foundations of sound and constitutional government, has become a low policy, in which the most dangerous passions of an ignorant and selfish democracy have been roused, not for the national good, but for the personal advantage of one party alone in the State and that of its followers and dupes. To all this no countenance or encouragement would have been given by Sydney Smith, the sometime incumbent of Foston and Combe Florey, and the Canon of St. Paul's.

#### SOME MEDICAL BOOKS.\*

IT would be difficult to overrate the importance of the subject treated in these Lectures. Upon the due appreciation of the best means of preserving, and when lost restoring, the health of children, depends, not only the comfort and happiness of a large majority of the population, but also the maintenance of our present advanced position among the nations of the world. It must be admitted, even by the least materialistic among us, that intellectual and moral must rapidly follow in the wake of physical degradation of the race. Anything from the pen of Dr. West

\* *Lectures on the Diseases of Infancy and Childhood.* By Charles West, M.D. Seventh Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

*The Late Dr. Charles Murchison's Treatise on the Continued Fevers of Great Britain.* Third Edition, re-edited by W. Cayley, M.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1884.

*Sleep-Walking and Hypnotism.* By D. H. Tuke, M.D. London: Churchill. 1884.

*The Leamington Waters Chemically, Therapeutically, and Clinically Considered.* By F. W. Smith. London: Lewis. 1884.

referring to the management of children's diseases must be received with respect almost amounting to reverence. The many years of earnest and intelligent labour which he has devoted to their study entitle him to be considered one of the greatest living authorities on their diagnosis and treatment.

The Introductory Lecture, on the Examination of Sick Children, merits the careful consideration of all who are brought into contact with them, and will be found to contain many hints valuable to mothers and nurses as well as to medical practitioners and students. The following quotation from this lecture will give a notion of the tender regard which Dr. West has for his little patients, and also of the keen observation he has brought to bear upon their peculiarities:—

Though the infant cannot talk, it has yet a language of its own; and this language it must be your first object to learn if you mean ever to acquire the character of successful practitioners in the diseases of children. But, if you have not cultivated your faculties of observation, you cannot learn it, for it is a language of signs; and these signs are such as will escape the notice of the careless. If you are not fond of little children, you cannot learn it; for they soon make up their minds as to who loves them, and, when ill, they will express their real feelings, whether by words or signs, to no one else.

The importance of avoiding unnecessary drugging, and rendering such medicine as is essential as palatable as possible, is much dwelt upon, and deservedly so, for the struggle entailed by the forcible introduction of a nauseous dose to the stomach of an unwilling child may go far in doing away with the benefit which would be derived from it if taken quietly.

Lectures III. to XVI. are devoted to a description of diseases of the brain and nervous system, and the methods to be adopted for their prevention and cure. These diseases are considered first on account of their frequency and importance in early life. The liability to disease of the cerebro-spinal system in children is accounted for by its very rapid development, and by the fact that its circulation is liable to much wider variations than in the adult—this latter being due to the slight support afforded to the cerebral vessels by the yielding cranium of the infant as compared with the firm bony case formed by the fully-developed skull. The injurious effect of these diseases on the healthy development of children is too obvious to require special notice. The extreme delicacy of the nervous system in early life is clearly shown by the disastrous results which are often produced by comparatively slight peripheral irritations—*e.g.*, the pressure of a coming tooth, or the irritation caused by the presence of undigested food in the stomach, which in later life would merely produce temporary discomfort, may in infancy give rise to convulsions resulting in permanent injury to the brain or spinal cord.

In Lectures XVII. to XXIX. Dr. West considers the diseases to which the respiratory organs are liable. These are considerably more fatal among children than those of any other kind, and are responsible for about one-third of the deaths occurring before the completion of the fifth year. In spite, however, of this large mortality, the care of the little sufferers from these diseases is less harassing to the practitioner than of those of the previous class; the diagnosis being easier and more exact, and the treatment more definite and hopeful. Diseases of the heart are next discussed. Dr. West points out that they are less common than in the adult; that inflammation, generally rheumatic, is the most common cause of them, but that valvular disease may occur without endocarditis; that the prognosis is more favourable than in the adult because the heart possesses greater powers of repair and self-adjustment in early life; that there is, however, greater liability to dilatation in the feeble heart of the child than in the firmer heart of an older patient, and that, consequently, longer and more complete rest must be prescribed in the case of the former than of the latter.

Lecture XXX. deals with the feeding of infants under one year of age. It would be well if it could be read and taken to heart by those mothers who, from motives of self-indulgence or convenience, deprive their babies of the natural food which is so exquisitely adapted to meet their nutritive requirements, and the place of which cannot be completely supplied by even the most carefully prepared artificial nourishment. The imperfectly developed digestive system of the infant is unable to prepare for assimilation the nutritive matters contained in the various foods suitable for consumption by the adult; but in milk we have a fluid so elaborated in the organs of the mother as to be fit for absorption into the blood with very little change in its composition. A child may be starving whilst being plied with large quantities of nutritive matters which it cannot utilize. The diseases to which the digestive organs are liable are considered in the next ten lectures and their appropriate treatment indicated.

The Cachexia or depraved constitutional states are the subject of Lecture XLI. Of these scrofula is hereditary, syphilis congenital, and rickets may be either hereditary, acquired, or both.

Rheumatism and intermittent fever are briefly discussed in Lecture XLII. The remaining lectures are occupied by the consideration of the eruptive fevers, those dreaded visitants to the nursery which attack child after child, and often leave irreparable mischief behind them. Dr. West's book is one of the greatest value to the general practitioner, whose time is so largely occupied in combating the dangers which assail the health and lives of our little ones.

The third edition of the late Dr. Murchison's treatise has been ably edited by Dr. Cayley, a colleague of the author's at the London Fever Hospital. By the continued fevers are meant those occupying an intermediate position between the eruptive and

malarious fevers. They are divided into two classes—namely, the non-specific, containing only febricula, or simple fever, and the specific, containing typhus, typhoid, and relapsing or famine fever. This classification, though perhaps not strictly scientific, is very convenient for purposes of description. Simple fever may be caused by fatigue, undue exposure to the sun, surfeit, &c. It is never fatal when attacking a previously healthy individual, and requires little treatment beyond rest, suitable diet, and the administration of an aperient.

Typhus fever is caused by a specific poison which appears to be generated by overcrowding of human beings, with deficient ventilation. It is intensely contagious and very fatal, the percentage of deaths to those attacked increasing rapidly with advancing age. Various complications are apt to accompany this disease, and the fatal termination, where it occurs, is often due to one of these. When death is the result of the primary fever, it is caused by exhaustion and heart paralysis, or coma produced by the contaminated state of the blood. The treatment of typhus fever is considered under two heads—namely, prophylactic and curative. As Dr. Murchison has written, "It is easier to prevent typhus than to cure it." The essential means for preventing the generation of the poison of this disease are "good ventilation, no overcrowding, personal cleanliness, and a nutritious diet." Excellent rules are also laid down by which the propagation of typhus from the sick to the healthy may be avoided. The following remarks with regard to curative treatment are much to the point:—"A patient with typhus is like a ship in a storm; neither the physician nor the pilot can quell the storm, but by tact, knowledge, and able assistance they may save the ship." Dr. Murchison justly lays great stress on the necessity of good nursing. He considers blood-letting altogether inadmissible. His rules for the administration of food and alcoholic stimulants are worthy of careful study, as also those for the exhibition of opiates and other drugs. Typhus fever has become a comparatively rare disease, since the attention paid to sanitary measures has so much increased. Typhoid fever is so called from its presenting many of the symptoms of typhus. Pythogenic (derived from putrescent matter) fever is the title preferred by Murchison. Its essential feature is disease of the solitary and aggregated glands of the ileum. The poison is probably generated in decomposing alvine evacuations, and may be communicated by the pollution of drinking-water by these matters. Typhoid is probably not at all contagious in the ordinary meaning of that term. It is a much more fatal disease than typhus up to the age of forty, but at more advanced ages is much less so.

For the prevention of the generation of typhoid poison and its diffusion in the air of our houses and our drinking-water, we must look to the well-educated sanitary engineer, a person who, until the last few years, has been almost non-existent. When the laws of sanitary science are more generally understood, and obedience to them enforced in the construction and subsequent care of our dwelling-houses, we may fairly hope that this disease will be stamped out. As in the case of typhus, there is no cure for typhoid fever, but there is room for much skill and thoughtful attention in the attempt to conduct the patient safely through the numerous dangers which threaten his life during its progress. Relapsing or famine fever is "a contagious disease, characterized by the presence in the blood of a spiral bacterium, the spirillum or spirochæte." It attacks persons of all ages, but men appear to be more subject to it than women. The poison of this disease is generated by starvation and overcrowding, and, when so generated, is communicable from the sick to the healthy. A relapse is apt to occur a fortnight after the onset of the attack, and a second at the third week; a third and even a fourth relapse may supervene, but, on the other hand, the illness may be limited to the first seizure. Relapsing fever is far from being a fatal disease, and the treatment required is chiefly of the expectant kind.

The condition of somnambulism must be full of interest to those who, like Dr. Tuke, have made mental disease their special study. Its relations to insanity, epilepsy, catalepsy, hysteria (so called), and other diseases of the nervous system, cannot but render its careful observation most instructive to the psychologist. Some glimmer of light may probably be thrown by its consideration among the dark shadows which obscure the abstruse problems that the philosopher spends his life in endeavouring to solve. This subject has also a weird fascination, not unminged with awe, for those who are neither philosophers nor physicians. The allied condition of hypnotism, popularly known as mesmerism, has excited very great interest at different times, but unfortunately its demonstrations have been intermingled with so much charlatanry as to render them distasteful to the better-educated classes.

Dr. Tuke does not attempt to define exactly the mental and physiological condition producing somnambulism; but remarks that "in ordinary sleep-walking we see certain centres or tracts of the encephalon in functional activity, while others are asleep, profoundly asleep, and temporarily paralysed." He also says that in somnambulism and the allied conditions "there is always a loss of healthy conscious will," and that "the will is the slave of a dream or a suggestion." Those who are able and willing to aid Dr. Tuke in his further researches on this interesting subject will do well in drawing up answers to the questions in his circular of inquiry, to be found on p. 47 of his book.

The natural mineral water of Leamington is a mild saline aperient, somewhat similar in composition to that of Homburg. It is useful in gouty and hepatic affections, and is said to have



proved beneficial in strumous glandular enlargements. The town of Leamington is situate in a picturesque part of Warwickshire, and has many places of interest round it. Its drainage is good, and its water supply from artesian wells. The temperature is equable, and the rainfall low. Many patients who are sent abroad might obtain equal benefit by residence at Leamington.

#### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF TRACY TURNERELLI.\*

IT is greatly to Mr. Turnerelli's credit, and he himself has said it throughout this Autobiography, that he is an Englishman. For if Imperial favour or diamond rings had any influence on him, he might have been a Russian. His name shows how easy it would have been for him to be an Italian, and yet, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he has steadily remained an Englishman. The "memories of a life of toil," which he has just published, tell how he attained to this pitch of virtue early, and has persevered in it long. His Autobiography is written to preserve—and, as Mr. Turnerelli justly points out, it is the first duty of Conservatives to preserve—the story of how the feat was done. Then, too, "Every man is bound to leave behind him a trace of his existence upon earth," as the motto on the title-page says. Mr. Turnerelli is determined to fulfil his duty thoroughly, and leave nothing to chance. Some trace of his existence was tolerably sure to survive. There are various books for one thing, and then Lord Beaconsfield's name, as he reflects with pleasure, is linked for ever to his, if biographers do their duty. Mr. Turnerelli has, however, a haunting fear that they will fail in their duty, and moreover he has no mind to be handed down to posterity merely "as an 'enthusiast who got up a tribute for Lord Beaconsfield, which the great statesman, from reasons hitherto unknown, declined to accept.'" Therefore, after frequently remarking "*How easily forgotten are the dead and how quickly!*" he resolved to write this Autobiography that he might keep his memory green, at least in the Library of the British Museum, and also to show mankind in the evil days which Mr. Turnerelli sees coming upon us what was the true character of an old Conservative.

When the late Mr. Peter Turnerelli, sculptor, was presented to His Majesty George III. the wise King "shook his finger, as well as his head reprovingly—'Turner, Turner, Turner! eli, eli, eli!' You've added *elli*, young man, to catch the geese." These were his words, but he wronged the blameless artist. The house of Turnerelli was founded by a Count Tognarelli, who was exiled from Rome in 1730 for political reasons. The name was changed to its present very suspicious form because Englishmen made such a lamentable hash of the liquid "gn." Mr. Tracy Turnerelli's experiences as an Englishman and an old Conservative began early. He suffered for his nationality, and he contrived to get an autograph from a conspicuous person. At his first school in Carlow he was much bullied by the Irish boys for the sin of not being an Irishman, till, with a worldly wisdom beyond his years, he bethought him of writing to Daniel O'Connell. An answer from that patriot put things straight, and the happy boy who had a letter from the Great O became an object of veneration throughout Carlow. Mr. Turnerelli has come a good deal in contact with conspicuous persons all through his life. He saw the Emperor Alexander I. in his father's studio, and at a later day, when a stepmother had appeared in the family, he determined to go to Russia. With the help of good introductions, one of them being a written invitation to his father from Alexander, he was soon launched. He entered Russia with Lord Durham, then English Ambassador, and he tells how that distinguished Whig, who had been sent to protest against the ill treatment of somebody by the Government of Nicholas, used his influence as ambassador to have his coachman flogged for getting drunk and driving badly. In Russia Mr. Tracy Turnerelli tells how he, like "an Old Conservative, toiled to preserve the ancient monuments of Russia from oblivion and ruin, and how the Emperor Nicholas conferred on him the honorary title of their "Delineator and Historian." After some years of roaming about the country and drawing monuments, his health compelled him to leave Russia. He departed loaded with much hospitality from the nobles, five diamond rings, and the substantial sum of six hundred pounds from the Emperor, but with the feeling that Russia was a prison, and a very cold one too. These various reminiscences, perhaps, account for the fact that he alternately speaks of Nicholas as the best of men and as a burglar. He was a burglar when he proposed to divide Turkey; when he tried to do it, and the Crimean War broke out, he became the best of men. During the war Mr. Turnerelli, always in his favourite character of "Old Conservative," "toiled to promote reconciliation and peace between England and Russia," delivered lectures, wrote articles, and finally published a book entitled, *Peace! What I did to Promote it*.

After this there came a time of repose for Mr. Turnerelli, which he partly devoted to supplying amusement and beer in moderation for the working classes. At last Russia called him forth again. This time he saw that what it had been virtuous for the Russians to do in 1853 had become a danger to the British Empire twenty-five years later. Here begins the third book of the labours of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, wherein it is told how "An Old Conser-

vative toiled during another Turko-Russian War, and, at a critical time for England, to acquaint his fellow-countrymen with the adverse designs of the then dominant War Party in Russia," and "why, at threescore and ten, he now retires from the political world, and, as his last labour, has written the present Autobiography." The why is the duty imposed on him of telling the true story of the incident which has linked the names of Turnerelli and Beaconsfield together for ever. The whole history of the famous wreath—its portrait is stamped on the binding—is told at length. The sympathizing reader may learn how Mr. Turnerelli ran to and fro, lectured, and not only wrote "leaflets," but distributed them gratis by tens of thousands; how the great thought of the wreath first arose in his mind; how the money was collected, Academicians drew sketches, and goldsmiths worked; how a thousand charity children were trained to sing patriotic hymns composed by Mr. Turnerelli at the great ceremony of the presentation. At last, when the great day seemed at hand, there came a killing frost. Lord Beaconsfield refused the gift. Like the unfortunate nobleman no longer languishing in Dartmoor, Mr. Turnerelli was made the victim of a dark intrigue, high legal authorities conspired in so awful a way that he can only hint at it, and Lord Beaconsfield being threatened with impeachment and Tower Hill declined the people's tribute. After reading the story, we feel a good deal of sympathy with that one of the two persons chiefly concerned in the incident who was gifted by nature with some sense of the ridiculous. It must be a very trying experience to be an object of admiration to Mr. Tracy Turnerelli.

#### HITTITE AND OTHER EMPIRES.\*

"CERTAINLY it is not a warrantable curiosity to examine the verity of Scripture by the concordance of humane history, or seek to confirm the Chronicle of *Hester*, or *Daniel*, by the authority of *Megasthenes* or *Herodotus*." So says Sir Thomas Browne; but many things are warrantable or even praiseworthy now which were heretical in the days of the good Sir Thomas. Among other things, the "concordance of humane history" can now be compared with Scripture in a reasonably satisfactory way. The learning of the Egyptians, and even of the Chaldees, is no longer a book absolutely sealed; these ancient races being well known to the classical writers, and vouched for by the material relics of their civilization. We learn from Dr. Wright's *Empire of the Hittites*, however, that the Hittites have been regarded by sceptics as the Mrs. Harris of Oriental history. Because the classical writers said nothing about the Hittites, or nothing recognized as applying to them, because no remains of their existence were traced, it was argued that there never was any such people. Consequently the Biblical accounts of the Hittites must be false, consequently the Scripture cannot be relied upon. It really seems almost impossible that any sceptic above the grade of Mr. Bradlaugh could have seriously argued thus. Granting that the sacred writers were unscrupulous, it would still be impossible to imagine why they should fill their early records with the most matter-of-fact references to a purely imaginary people. Dr. Wright says, however, that because the Hittites are represented as once having been engaged in a "pacific transaction," the story was called a fable because "inconsistent with the warlike character" elsewhere attributed to the Hittites. There is no nonsense that professors of the Higher Criticism will not talk. To say that a warlike people could not conceivably engage in a pacific transaction was worthy of the general run of Biblical and Homeric critics. The amazing arguments against the historical accuracy of the Bible derived from the silence of the old world about the Hittites are now, of course, obsolete. There are plenty of references to a people identified with the Hittites in Egyptian chronicles. The Kheta of the Egyptian monuments, the "Khatti" of Assyrian inscriptions, are recognized as the Biblical Hittites. We have pictures of them, and accounts of battles fought with them, and treaties concluded with them among the annals, for example, of Thothmes III. (1600? B.C.) Carchemish, on the Euphrates, was their chief city. After Thothmes died the Hittites consolidated their power, and Brugach says that the Egyptian inscriptions speak respectfully of Hittite deities. There was war again under Rameses II., who distinguished himself in a battle at Kadesh, celebrated in the famous *chanson de geste*, so to speak, of Pentaur. Dr. Wright gives an abstract of the poem; it has been versified with much spirit by Mrs. Woods. The Assyrian annals also show that Assyria had her troubles with the bellicose Hittites. About 717 B.C. Sargon ended the strife, seized Carchemish, peopled it with his own men, moved the Hittites, by the favourite Oriental policy, into Assyria, and Freedom shrieked when the last Hittite fell. Thus the classical authors, except Homer, were not contemporary with a Hittite Empire. Homer is thought (especially by Mr. Gladstone) to refer to the Hittites among the allies of Priam, as *Kίττιοι*. Nitzsch thought the *Kίττιοι* were Mysians; but Nitzsch had not our lights. In addition to Hebrew, Assyrian, and Egyptian records, traces of Hittites are found in inscriptions, as on the "old Hittite road" from Carchemish. The monuments which Herodotus saw in the Karabel Pass, twenty-five miles from Smyrna, Professor

\* *The Autobiography of Tracy Turnerelli—"The Old Conservative."* London: Field & Tuer; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

\* *The Empire of the Hittites.* By W. Wright, B.A., D.D. London: Nisbet & Co. 1884.

\* *The Ancient Empires of the East.* By A. H. Sayce. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

Sayce regards as Hittite; and he finds similar inscriptions near the famed statue of Niobe, known to Homer. Dr. Wright himself gives a most interesting account of how he rescued some inscriptions in Hamah. The story comes in his first chapter, and is literally "as good as a novel." The dress of the Hittite characters resembles that still worn by the local peasantry. The shoe is like the Canadian—and, we may add, like the Moqui—moccasin. Our great loss in Hittite matters is the Hittite copy of the treaty with Ramesses II. We have the Egyptian copy; the Hittite would give us a bi-lingual reading; and the decipherment of Hittite characters would be easy. Our only source of light appears to be the non-Greek characters in Lycian, Carian, and Cappadocian alphabets, and the Cypriot syllabary. Dr. Wright first, and Professor Sayce independently, have convinced themselves that the odd, undeciphered inscriptions at Hamah and elsewhere are really Hittite. They also hold that these Hittite runes are the origin of the Cypriot syllabary. The chance of success, then, is to identify the common characters in Hittite and Cypriot, and so advance to a clearer knowledge of the Hittite hieroglyphs. On these premises (which are not undisputed) Mr. Sayce attempts in this volume to decipher the curious marks called Hittite. They consist of heads of men, animals, objects rather like tools and chairs, flowers, hands, and so forth. The only vestige of a bilingual is a cast from a silver boss, once offered to our Museum, and "looked upon as a forgery." With this probably genuine foundation, and by aid of comparison with the Cyprian syllabary, Professor Sayce offers renderings highly conjectural. One must begin with hypotheses, however, and Professor Sayce's ingenuity is undoubted. That it is always well inspired one may doubt, with the amusing example of the Bath inscription (in Latin, not Hittite) before our eyes. Certainly the characters in Hittite and Cypriot (p. 169), which Professor Sayce compares, seem, in some cases, vastly unlike each other. Thus a little pot (Hittite) is not like a conventional drawing of two crows on the wing (Cypriot). On such resemblances, however, Professor Sayce builds his theory, and, as he says, at all events it is a beginning. One of the inscriptions, as read by him, runs "Worshipper of the god Sardon the great (god) the twice mighty (prince) Ea . . . es offers vegetable offerings of grapes." It would not greatly surprise us if another interpretation seemed as plausible. The copies of inscriptions at the end of the book are neat and interesting. To our mind they are not further off from being deciphered than the analogous inscriptions of Yucatan.

Professor Sayce's *Ancient Empires of the East* is a reprint, revised, of the essays in his *Herodotus*. We are sorry to see that he repeats statements about Herodotus which we can only regard with surprise, as they appear to us in some cases quite baseless. What is worse, he does not give his references, and thus the reader, if not well acquainted with Herodotus, is allowed no opportunity of discovering the incorrectness of the critic's remarks. We need not repeat the conclusive replies of Mr. Verrall. It may be enough to reiterate the observation of Mr. Flinders Petrie, the surveyor of the Great Pyramid:—"The accuracy with which Herodotus states what he saw, and relates what he heard; the criticism he often applies to his materials; and the care with which he distinguishes how much belief he gives to each report—all this should prevent our ever discrediting his words unless compelled to do so." Professor Sayce is much more at home with Hittite than with the conduct of an argument, or the estimation of the value of evidence. As Partridge said, on a trying occasion, *non omnia possumus omnes*.

#### OLD LONDON CHURCHES.\*

THE history of a London parish may always be made interesting, although, with the single exception of Newcourt, whose great book appeared in 1708, no writer has attempted to penetrate very far into the mists of antiquity. The lists of London incumbents seldom begin earlier than the fourteenth century; while of the existing church fabrics only one, St. Bartholomew's, which was not parochial till after the Reformation, is mainly Norman. True, a Norman crypt is under St. Mary-le-Bow; and just without the walls, at Clerkenwell, there is a similarly invisible and equally ancient substructure. As a fact, however, even if all the churches that were burnt in the Great Fire still existed, few Norman features would be found among them; and old London must have been remarkable among great mediæval cities for the smallness and architectural poverty of its ecclesiastical buildings. Recent research goes to prove that many parochial divisions were made after the Conquest and before 1290, and the number of little churches—many of them were the chapels of great mansions—must have imparted to any view of the City from a distance a very different aspect from that which it has worn since the days of Sir Christopher Wren. We have some idea what that aspect was from Van Wyngaerde's curious sketch, published by the Topographical Society last year, from a drawing which cannot be dated much after the middle of the sixteenth century, a full hundred years or more before the Great Fire. But there is a certain want of proportion or perspective in that part of Van Wyngaerde's view which represents the western

suburb between London proper and Westminster; and this is precisely the region which comes out most plainly in the bird's-eye view of Braun and Hogenberg which the same Society has just issued. It dates from 1572, and is therefore, if we can depend upon its accuracy of detail, quite as valuable as the slightly older sketch of Van Wyngaerde. It has been reproduced with more or less inaccuracy several times before, but this is, we believe, the first actual facsimile. The churches are, of course, the safest landmarks, and both these early views show the spire of St. Paul's which was destroyed by fire in 1561. In the Braun and Hogenberg view we can hardly make out what is so plain a feature in Van Wyngaerde—namely, the existence of the four corner pinnacles. Neither is it easy, even with a magnifying-glass, to make out the arches on St. Mary's, which resembled those of St. Dunstan-in-the-East and Newcastle, and are sometimes said to have given its name to the Court of Arches and the addition of "le Bow" to the name of the parish. They are much more distinctly represented in Hollar's pretty sketches of the city from Moorfields. This tower and spire, and the square towers of St. Michael on Cornhill, and St. Mary Aldermary, were most conspicuous from the other side of the Thames, but, as appears from both the early views, very few other churches rose much above the general level, and there was nothing, except the magnificent spire of St. Paul's, 520 feet high, the tallest in Christendom, to give the city that distinctive charm which it has worn since Wren made it the scene of his labours, and built the churches which, as Mr. Mackmurdo asserts, "have all the qualities of lyric compositions."

The history of the typical London church is well illustrated in St. Bride's. Mr. Hawkins relates it with loving care, and sets a good example to other incumbents of old London churches. There has been some doubt about the dedication. If it is dedicated to St. Bride or St. Bridget of Sweden, it must date from some time after 1373; but there is a record preserved by Newcourt of the admission of a clerk as vicar as early as 1362, and it is probable that the church is much older even than this. The ward of Farringdon Without in which it is situated was not fully admitted to the City till 1393, though it had been cut off from Westminster in 1222. It is probable that the opening of a bridge over the Fleet at what is now called Ludgate Circus may have determined the site of a new church, and the bridge is believed to have been made before 1228. Mr. Hawkins seems, however, to be of opinion that St. Bride's stood here before 1222, and by this means he accounts for the fact that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster still present to the living, and the parish unquestionably forms part of what before 1222 was the abbot's manor. There is a possibility, if a slight one, on the other side. Fleet Street is expressly spoken of in a document of 1285 recently inspected at St. Paul's by Mr. Maxwell Lyte, and is said to be in the parish of St. Martin Ludgate. If this inference, then, is correct, St. Bride's was not built till after 1285, and the portion torn from the abbot's parish in 1222 was reckoned at first to be in St. Martin's. It is clearly wrong, in any case, to ascribe the foundation of St. Bride's to the Danes or Danish influence. At first, as Mr. Hawkins observes, the church was very small, but in 1480 it was rebuilt by William Viner, who was Warden of the Fleet Prison close by. He decorated it, in allusion to his name, with carvings of vines and grapes. Only thirty years before the Great Fire it was "repaired and beautified." It stood on the south side of the highway leading from the Fleet bridge, and had not, if we may trust Braun and Hogenberg, any houses between it and the street. The tower seems to have been square, with a staircase turret at the south-east corner, and the principal part of the churchyard lay to the south of the church, connected, indeed, with the grounds and gardens about Dorset House, which stood between it and the river. Both church and house were consumed in the Great Fire, and for many years the parishioners were without a fixed place of worship. Wren commenced the present structure in 1677. Three years later it was opened for divine service; but it was not until 1701 that the noble tower and steeple were commenced. Mr. Mackmurdo compares them with "one of the Romanesque towers in North Italy; yet with what added refinement, complexity of form and concentration!" The cost of church and spire was only 12,000*l.*, which, if we double it, or even treble it, to bring it to the present value of money, seems wonderfully cheap. The steeple was originally 234 feet in height; but in 1764 it was struck by lightning, and the upper part had to be rebuilt, when it was lowered eight feet. Miss Phillimore, in her *Sir Christopher Wren* (p. 220), says that "when this was done it was discovered that an old hawk had inhabited the two upper circles, the open arcades of which were filled with masses of birds' bones, chiefly those of the City pigeons, upon which he had preyed." Mr. Hawkins goes at full length into the history of the Fleet, of Bridewell, of Fleet marriages, of eminent inhabitants, and Fleet Street bankers. It is easy to see that he might have occupied double the number of pages without exhausting his materials; but we are thankful to him that he has not imitated some of the older topographers. One of them, who wrote of a neighbouring parish, takes up many pages with an account of Westminster elections and Charles James Fox; and another, who happened to be the happy possessor of a woodcut representing King David playing on a peal of small bells with a hammer, introduced it, together with a long discourse on bell-ringing, into his accounts of several different parishes. By the way, Mr. Hawkins mentions in a foot-note that St. Bride's boasts of the unusual number of twelve bells.

\* *Wren's City Churches*. By A. H. Mackmurdo. Orpington: Allen.  
*St. Bride, Fleet Street*. By the Rev. E. C. Hawkins. London: Marshall & Son.

*Civitas Londinium*. By Braun and Hogenberg. 1572. Facsimile for the Topographical Society by the Typo-Engraving Company. 1884.



The tone of Mr. Mackmurdo's handsome book will remind the reader who is old enough of some of the works of Pugin and other writers in the time of "the great Gothic revival." What Pugin said then of "the Pointed or Christian style," Mr. Mackmurdo says now of Wren. So the world goes round. One of Pugin's favourite butts was a pediment without any gable roof to support it. Such a feature is very prominent over Wren's fine gateway to the Temple, and it is characteristic of the change of taste in some quarters that Mr. Mackmurdo singles it out for especial praise. "Only for this reason," he says, "would I draw your attention to the façade of the New Law Courts." Here he finds carving on projecting members, mouldings in full light as much broken as those in shadow, huge rolls running close under the eye, and "a smaller projection given to the crowning cornice than is allowed to the plinth below." With these terrible and Gothic faults we are bidden to contrast the gateway opposite, "a structure replete with dignity of reserve, sublime in its calm consciousness of power, bold and broad in largeness of character, yet without suspicion of coarseness or tinge of untamed temper." Mr. Mackmurdo, it will be seen, makes a vehement attempt to express his feelings fully; but it is to be feared that some of his readers will hardly see the force of "untamed temper" as a characteristic of some kinds of architecture. It is impossible, however, not to agree with his taste in many particulars. He is especially indignant with the architects who of late years have sought—as at St. Mary, Aldermay, and St. Michael's, Cornhill—to improve Wren's Gothic. Speaking of St. Michael's, he asserts that "the type of design was suggested by that noble tower of Magdalen, Oxford," a point on which we believe Mr. Mackmurdo to be mistaken, as records exist to show that the tower is as nearly as possible a reproduction of the older one on the same site. He goes on to observe, rightly enough, that "the old type becomes a new creation after having passed through a mind such as Wren's," and praises the mouldings, the angle buttress turrets, the parapet, the curves over the belfry windows, and the delicacy of the pierced tracery. "With this magnificent largesse in art compare the doorway lately added to the church by the Gothic revivalists, who have here caricatured—unconsciously, we fear—all the faults of Gothic art, as the classic revivalists have caricatured, in such buildings as the Bank and the British Museum, the common faults of classic art." There is much truth in this and in other remarks of a similar tendency scattered through the volume; but much of Mr. Mackmurdo's work is marred by an affectation of style which, while it makes it easy to pick out absurd sentences, goes to weaken by over-statement the cause he advocates. Speaking of Wren and his pupils, as well as of a great living architect and his myriad imitators—Mr. Mackmurdo calls them his apes—he mentions "the deluge of frothy literature that pours into the world under the shadow of Ruskin's name." We will not say that Mr. Mackmurdo has added to this flood, because so much of what he says is well worth hearing; but it is impossible to read his book without thinking of Captain Marryat's advice to a young author to go through his manuscript and strike out every second word.

## SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.\*

IN a season of biographies and reminiscences, Mr. Payn's *Recollections* have several peculiarities of their own. First, they are short—we wish they were longer—but, then, Mr. Payn would be older, and would in the nature of things be likely to give us fewer of the rare books which make one laugh. Again, Mr. Payn's memories are all good-natured, if we except his remarks on William Chambers, who appears really to have been too stupid a successful man. Mr. Smiles, not Mr. Payn, should discourse of persons like the W.C. of *Chambers's Journal*, the unfailing essayist who supplied the Scotch ballast to that once almost "freevolous" periodical. Except about Mr. Chambers and an unnamed literary gentleman, said to be agreeable when sober, but never met by Mr. Payn in that condition, the *Recollections* are all good-nature, *merum lac*, and, therefore, the very reverse of Mr. Carlyle's. Thirdly, Mr. Payn's memories have nothing to do with politics. No one reading them would believe that the author had ever figured in the imagination of an attorney as "Chief Briber" at an election. That most agreeable of topics, literary shop, makes up the bulk of Mr. Payn's volume, and is pleasantly studded with plums in the shape of anecdotes.

Mr. Payn's Reminiscences are innocent of dates. The researcher must go to *Men of the Time* to discover the year of his birth. He himself says nothing about such a detail. Of his childhood we learn that it was clouded by a great sorrow. "Twice a week I had to go hunting," and even at the tenderest age this precocious spirit preferred a book to a pony. "Sometimes the cold and the waiting about, and the having nothing to read, grew absolutely intolerable." School was even more intolerable, if possible, as any reader of Mr. Payn's novels will have guessed. He always represents boys as perfect little savages, and that is, no doubt, a scientific view of boys at school. They are, in fact, being evolved through the savage state, but feebly tempered by masters, and other resources of civilization. As to schoolmasters Mr. Payn discovered, at the age of seven, that it is "possible for a man to be at once a scholar and an ass." Like David Copperfield, Mr. Payn was the storyteller of the preparatory school, beginning

thus early the career in which he has done so much to amuse an earnest generation. At Eton Mr. Payn made a repast about Beelzebub, which has been attributed to another humourist, and he failed to tackle the Greek aorists. An invincible aversion to all languages but his own has ever since been his failing. In his assumed character of Philistine, Mr. Payn makes some occasional remarks about the advantages of modern languages over those of the ancient world. Like the common domestic paterfamilias (in whose mouth such wisdom is frequent), Mr. Payn is equally unacquainted with Greek and German, so his opinion in this matter is not of much value. Even at Eton Mr. Payn began trying to contribute to periodical literature, in the form of the *Eton Bureau*, and, in earliest youth, knew the bitterness of rejection. He was then removed to Woolwich, after being at a crammer's. He returned from a surreptitious visit to the Derby "on an empty hearse," like an allegory of Pleasure. Life at Woolwich (and at Sandhurst, too) was, at that time, unfit for publication. The savagery of the natural boy was absolutely unchecked, and a convict settlement was about equal to one of these schools as a home of morals or decency. Cambridge was a perfect paradise after Woolwich, and Mr. Payn played whist, made friends, wrote poems, and laughed at Whewell. Poetry, if we may judge by examples printed here, would never have been a lucrative profession in Mr. Payn's case, and very early indeed he began writing in *Household Words*. The *Seven against Thebes* of Æschylus he regarded as "rubbish," much as Mr. Carlyle called *Pickwick* "the lowest trash." From Cambridge Mr. Payn flew to the native city of his soul, London, and to the profession of light literature, an industry which he has never ceased to ply, greatly to the advantage of the human species. As editor of *Chambers's Journal* he made a Scotch periodical the liveliest reading of its time, and here he published *Melibæus*, our favourite among his works. Among his friends in those days were Miss Mitford, and, oddly enough, as many persons will think, Miss Martineau. Though not a humourist herself, Miss Martineau greatly enjoyed humour in others, and Mr. Payn especially remembers her mirth over perhaps the very last joke ever made in the *Times* (in a leading article, that is), about thirty years ago. Her expression was "gentle and motherly." Miss Martineau appears to have been an atheist as other good maiden ladies are believers in Anglo-Israel, by way of having a little speculative fling of their own. "I never knew," says Mr. Payn, "a woman whose nature was more essentially womanly than that of Harriet Martineau, or one who was more misunderstood in that respect by the world at large." She had no sense of taste, but once "tasted a leg of mutton, and it was delicious." This was at luncheon; the fairy boon fled before dinner. Wordsworth had no sense of smell, it seems, but "once smelt a bean-field, and thought it was heaven."

In Edinburgh Mr. Payn was not precisely in his element. With his lack of philological ability (which almost equals Wordsworth's lack of smell) Mr. Payn could not acquire a knowledge of the Scotch language. He tells a story of Alexander Russel (editor of an Edinburgh newspaper), which he has also used in *Gwendoline's Harvest*. The Scotch Liberals wished to make Mr. Russel a present, and a friend advised him thus:—"If it is five thousand, my man, tak' it; if it's less than five thousand, don't tak' it, and say you would not have taken it had it been fifty thousand." The story of Mr. Hill Burton and the cheeses is excellent, but a little too long, if not a little too broad, to be told here. Mr. Payn has now got the spelling of Neaves and Deas correct (it was wrong when these papers were published in the *Cornhill*), and the great heart of Scotland is at rest. His remarks on contributors and their ways are most true and diverting, and should be studied by all who wish to write for magazines. In Edinburgh he was struck by "the extraordinary respect paid to Professors of all sorts." An interesting, though rather personal, essay might be written on Professors—on Professors who are "proud of the title," "as the Living Skeleton said when they showed him," and Professors who keep the title rather dark, from modesty—like Mr. Matthew Arnold. Mr. Payn at this time wrote his first novel, *The Foster Brothers*, which, he says, received a most scathing notice in the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Payn (who has improved so much in consequence of this early correction) still seems to be not quite so grateful as we might have hoped. "Why is Youth always ungrateful?" said Mr. Pumblechook, and still the question awaits a reply. Mr. Payn now made the acquaintance of the creator of Mr. Pumblechook and of the creator of Captain Costigan. In his opinion these great authors, and Mr. Trollope, excelled our living novelists in the marked "individualism of their characters." This is sound criticism. What character, drawn by a living writer, do we think of as a familiar friend or enemy? It might be "individuous" as Nicholas says, to name the very few imaginary persons who thus seem real, few of them so real, by the way, as Nicholas himself. Mr. Payn gives Count Fosco as an exception; perhaps we might add Mrs. Oliphant's Miss Marjoribanks, and the beautiful heroine of *Roderick Hudson*, a modern Beatrix Esmond. Mr. Payn's *Recollections* are quite full of anecdotes of authors, editors, publishers, yea, even of publishers' readers, and are everywhere buoyant and attractive with humour and good-humour. They may tempt young persons into the calling of letters; but that, we think, is the worst that can be said of them. Perhaps Mr. Payn is too determined in his opinion that admiration of any literature but the lightest literature is affected fudge. One can only answer "Vous êtes orfèvre, M. Josse."

\* *Some Literary Recollections*. By James Payn. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1884.

## HANDBOOK FOR JAPAN.\*

A SECOND edition of Messrs. Satow and Hawes's guide-book to Japan has just been issued in Mr. Murray's familiar covers. The first edition, published, we believe, only in Japan, had for some time been out of print; and travellers who would otherwise have to pay fancy prices for secondhand copies should hail the appearance of a new edition of this indispensable volume. Of the accuracy and general usefulness of the original guide-book, and its incalculable enhancement of the pleasures and interest of travel, we can speak from personal experience; and the present edition is materially enlarged. Japan is the "globe-trotter's" paradise. By common consent it is, of all strange countries, the most delightful one to the tourist. It is not only that the scenery is everywhere charming, nor even that the buildings and gardens, the people, the manners and customs, are at once quaint and pleasing. Some of these features, if not all of them together, are to be found elsewhere. The *differentia* of travel in Japan is that with these advantages it combines this further one, unique outside Europe, that the ordinary foreign traveller can himself live the life of the natives; can go among the people, live with them in their inns, move about among them, sit down and chat in their shops or in their houses, and thus obtain an insight, always so interesting, generally so difficult, into the daily habits and mode of life, the domestic arrangements and family relations, the common talk, and ordinary ideas of the people themselves. Here as elsewhere there are drawbacks to the material comforts of travel; but, these apart, every day spent in Japan brings the traveller a succession of new and delightful experiences.

But the volume before us has a value beyond that which attaches to it as a mere guide-book for travellers, and is worthy the attention of people who have no intention of ever making a circuit of the habitable globe. It contains a mine of information on a variety of subjects connected with the interesting, and even yet little known, country of which it treats. Much of this matter is new, and almost all is unfamiliar to English readers. But it is neither the novelty nor the variety of the matter that gives it its highest value, but its originality and authenticity. In the main part of the work the authors have embodied the result of much patient investigation and study; and have further availed themselves of the aid of other intelligent travellers (often specialists) for supplementing their own information. Nor is this all. The guide-book proper is preceded by an introduction, the bulk of which consists of monographs upon the geography, religion, art, &c., of Japan, contributed by a leading authority upon each subject. Of Mr. Satow's own qualifications it is unnecessary to speak. For many years permanent Secretary to our Legation in Tokio (whence he has recently been promoted to the head of Her Majesty's mission in Siam), a scholar whose studies have exhausted the literature of the country—studies at once guided and corrected by an acquaintance with the language and literature of China, which stands to Japan in the relation held by Greece and Rome to modern Europe, Mr. Satow has long been recognized as the highest living authority upon Japanese language, literature, history, religion, and indeed almost all branches of literary knowledge. The sections of the introduction bearing his initials upon the Shin-tō and Buddhist religions in Japan put us in possession of a full store of learning not hitherto accessible. Shin-tō ("The Way of the Gods"), it may be as well to explain, is the name of the ancient and indigenous religion which had the field to itself before the introduction of Buddhism. It appears to have originated in a form of ancestor-worship, and is singularly deficient both in ritual and in moral teaching. Its cosmogony and mythology are by no means meagre, and remind one frequently of Hesiod and Homer; indeed a new vein is open here for the comparative mythologist. Even in their mythology (it is odd to remark) the Japanese strike one as having their notions inverted; for Japan is a veritable "looking-glass world" to the European. Just as they write from right to left, and mount a horse on the off-side instead of the near, so with them the moon is male and the sun female. Mr. Satow dispels many fond allusions as to the antiquity of authentic history in Japan. He rejects the popular history, in its chronology at any rate, as fictitious down to the end of the fourth century A.D., and tells us that the earliest documents are not older than the beginning of the eighth. Buddhism was introduced from India by way of China and Korea in the sixth century of our era, and not only became the religion of the masses, but corrupted and overlaid the indigenous Shin-tō. At the restoration of the Mikado in 1868, Shin-tō was "purified" and re-established as the State religion, emphasizing, as it does, by its origin and mythology, the traditional divine ancestry of the Imperial line. But it has nevertheless taken no fresh hold on the religious sentiments of the people.

Of the other special sections in the introduction, those on geography and climate are contributed by Professor J. J. Rein, of the University of Bonn, who recently spent a considerable period in Japan, with a commission from his Government, collecting scientific information. Zoology and botany are treated by Mr. F. V. Dickens, of the University of London, who lived for many years in the country, where he was known as a laborious student in numerous fields. Mr. W. Anderson, whose collection of Japanese pictures is in the British Museum, of which, it is understood, he has

\* *A Handbook for Travellers in Central and Northern Japan.* By Ernest Mason Satow, C.M.G., and Lieutenant A. G. S. Hawes. Second edition. London: John Murray. 1884.

nearly completed an exhaustive catalogue, contributes the sections on Pictorial and Glyptic Art. These articles, and especially the chapters from Mr. Satow's own pen, will render the publication most valuable, as a book of reference, to readers generally. Here, and in the body of the work (the contents of which are made easily discoverable by an excellent index), will be found, not only the latest, but in some respects the only available, information on a variety of topics that cannot fail to interest a large circle of educated readers. And, above all, the authority, as we have seen, is unimpeachable—a verdict that could scarcely be pronounced on many other works on Japan published in Europe.

## NEW LAW BOOKS.\*

THOUGHTFUL persons engaged in the practice of the law have for some time been looking forward to the epoch when reports, if they continue to multiply at their present rate, will be so numerous, or, rather, so innumerable, that it will be vain for any one-headed man to pretend to even the slightest general acquaintance with their substance. When that time comes, a heroic measure, possibly taking the form of a holocaust, will be necessary to save the law from perishing of its own amplitude. Meanwhile, perhaps, it is right to expedite the processes of nature; and, accordingly, we do not blame Mr. Bittleston for publishing a volume of reports of the decisions of Judges in Chambers in the Queen's Bench Division under the new Judicature Rules. The reports have all been published before in some of the legal journals, and have been corrected by the judges who decided the cases; therefore their accuracy may be relied upon. Some of them are of considerable importance, and some are not. The book forms a useful, but not particularly well-bound, manual.

We are glad to welcome a fourth edition of *Mayne on Damages*, a standard work of which every practising lawyer knows the value.

Mr. Pigott's huge book on foreign judgments has reached a second edition. But for being worse bound than the *Reports in Chambers*, it is physically magnificent. It contains a vast mass of information, much of which is of considerable value, and which is by no means ill arranged. The list of countries out of the jurisdiction is very convenient.

We have also received a third edition of Digby's *History of the Law of Real Property*. This well-known work has been adapted to the recent Acts of Parliament by which real-property law has been so profoundly modified.

Licensed victuallers may discover from Mr. Hindle most of the things about their legal status that they are likely to want to know. It is not a bad little book, but it would be better if there was less talk in it.

Cheap law is almost always bad; and, though Dr. Smith has "almost entirely rewritten" the present edition of his *Handy Book on Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I.O.U.'s*, it is the kind of work upon which we should be very sorry to rely. At the same time, it will probably teach the layman not engaged in business quite eighteen-pennyworth of things he does not know.

## RECENT TALES.†

BOOKS written for very young readers should be written with conviction. But it is precisely for such readers that make-believe art is generally considered good enough. The ready-made, the uncouth, the complacent, and the plib are set aside for their share in literature, although children are particularly apt to appreciate the note of conviction and to detect its absence. This makes the looking through a batch of children's books a rather

\* *Reports in Chambers, Queen's Bench Division, from October 1883 to April 1884.* By Adam H. Bittleston, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Clowes & Son. 1884.

*Mayne's Treatise on Damages.* By John D. Mayne, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, and Lumley Smith, of the Inner Temple, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Counsel. Fourth Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1884.

*The Law and Practice relating to Foreign Judgments and Parties out of the Jurisdiction.* By Francis Taylor Pigott, M.A., LL.M., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Clowes & Son. 1884.

*The History of the Law of Real Property.* By Kenelm Edward Digby, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Third Edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.

*The Legal Status of Licensed Victuallers.* By Frank G. Hindle, Esq., Solicitor. Fourth Edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1884.

*A Handy Book of the Law of Bills, Cheques, Notes, and I.O.U.'s.* By James Walter Smith, Esq., LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Edgingham Wilson. 1884.

† *Guide, Philosopher, and Friend.* By Mrs. Herbert Martin. London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton & Co.

*Molly Carver.* By A. M. W. London: Masters & Co.

*Whatever is Right comes Right.* By Frances M. Wilbraham. London: Masters & Co.

*Parted.* By N. D'Anvers. London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton & Co.

*Sunnyland Stories.* By the Author of "Aunt Mary's Bran Pie." London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton & Co.

*Aunt Mary's Bran Pie.* By the same Author. London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton & Co.



dismal task. The lack of conviction matters less in the stories written for young people who are not children. Indeed at about fifteen or so a little love of conventionality comes into a girl's heart, and makes her easily pardon the ready-made, which later on she will probably dislike afresh. But it happens that, of the books before us, one which is written for girls who are not children is the sincerest, freshest, and most observant. *Guide, Philosopher, and Friend* has a charming little lady for a heroine; the kindly *parvenus* with whom she lives are not overdrawn or cheaply caricatured; her love-story is delicate and interesting; her self-sacrifice is humanly imperfect; and the author shows throughout a quality which we will call "touch." And touch is not common in little novels of the kind.

From *Molly Carew*, on the other hand, the sense of conviction is absent. The persons—as, for instance, the untidy young heroine in her early teens—are of the ready-made order; and such incidents as the wandering of this heroine in a gallery of family portraits, and her meeting there with the unknown master of the house, are ready-made too. There is, however, no serious fault to be found with the story except the common fault of facility. In fact, it will probably be very pleasant reading for the young girl who has just acquired a little taste for conventionality.

Whatever is *Right comes Right* is the optimistic title of a story of the life of working girls in a manufacturing town, to which a certain novelty of subject lends interest. In a preface written by Miss Yonge to point out that the book deals with a class less well known to readers than are the very poor, we are told that the principal events of the story are facts. They are not much the better for that, but the author's knowledge of the life she writes about has its value. The tone is religious and rather ecclesiastical, and the title is justified by the soundness with which everything is made complete and whole. The death—and a death is inevitable with authors of Miss Wilbraham's class—is that of a good little girl; but the rest of the praiseworthy characters live and are happy.

The frontispiece of *Parted* is a design of alarming import but feeble conception, showing a robust child prostrate under a shower of streaming jam-pots. A reference to the text reassured us in our fears that the jam was boiling hot—the child being but young. In fact, the jam-pots did not hold jam; they had been filled with pomatum of moderate temperature. Nor was the sufferer receiving providential punishment, for another person—a little girl who undergoes bronchitis—had been the offender. The story is more reasonable than this and more than one other singularly ungraceful illustration seemed to promise. There is a little too much about the young heroine's conscience, and her adventures are lacking in gaiety; but she comes to no great grief and to no untimely end. There are some sympathetic and sincere passages about animals which may redeem an otherwise unnoticeable little volume.

The same objection to the illustrations applies to *Sunnyland Stories*, which have some pleasant fancy about them. A Hans Andersenish treatment of ducks and chickens rather takes our fancy. "I am going now," says a mother-duck to a duckling who is inclined to envy the chickens, "to the gardener's pail. I hear his wife is making an apple pie for dinner, and we may as well avail ourselves of the parings. If you were a chicken, you could not enjoy them so much; therefore be content." It is a pity that the young duck's sin of envy should get such hard measure as capital punishment. He falls off the perch on which he had disobediently roosted by the side of the chickens and is killed. Besides that of a blind grandfather (a human grandfather) this is, by the way, the only death-bed in *Sunnyland Stories*, and the "quack" of the duckling the only record of last utterances.

The interest of *Aunt Mary's Bran Pie* is the ever fresh interest of presents. All healthy minds keep their capacity of enjoying boxes, hampers, and other forms of surprise, long after the age of the readers for whom the history of presents is written. And we would warn authors who make their works centre about so desirable an incident as present-giving against the deplorable economy which is apt to affect some feminine minds, even when they might give reins to the imagination, in fiction. For their readers really enjoy the outlay of a good improbable sum, and enjoy it artistically, being uncorrupted by the realism of their elders. By all means let the cake in story-books be cut in big slices; it will not make the children ill; it will not even demoralize their imaginations, owing to their artistic instinct above mentioned. The stories which accompany the presents in *Aunt Mary's Bran Pie* are pretty and bright; but it might be wished that a concealed calf whose fortunes are related did not end in a butcher's shop. Children's thoughts should be kept out of the slaughter-house.

#### AN ENGLISHMAN ON AMERICA.\*

THIS is a useful book, written by a competent and careful observer. The extreme friendliness with which Mr. Pidgeon treats of everything American is the cause, indeed, of one defect in it—namely, that he lays what appears to us insufficient stress on the social evils and dangers which beset the United States, and some of which have been greatly aggravated of late years. But the error is, in a traveller, one on the right side. The predisposition to look out for what is good in a foreign country is

far more likely to lead him to understand it than the much commoner readiness to find fault. The title is in some respects a misleading one. The book is rather a descriptive record of what Mr. Pidgeon saw than, as its name would imply, an attempt at the thorough discussion of any of the social problems which American life suggests. As long as the writer confines himself to description he is a safe and interesting guide. But his general statements are by no means so trustworthy. With what truth can he say that "it is the sons of New England, the descendants of the Puritan emigrants . . . who alone can be called Americans"? Even in early times this was never the case. The Puritan settlers in New England undoubtedly fixed the type of civilization which has in the course of time become prevalent (though in a modified form) over the greater part of the Northern States; but from the beginning the Southern States differed, as they still strongly differ, from those of New England. And why Mr. Pidgeon should deny them the name of Americans we cannot guess. At present a great process of fusion is going on which will in time leave the blood and the ideas of New England as elements only, though valuable elements, in the civilization of America. Those who think that the best stuff of America is to be found in New England, or has come from it, may regret that what is so characteristic will be absorbed in a wider national life; but the fact is so, whether we like it or not. It would be indeed accurate to say that, till this fusion of races has been accomplished on the American continent, the typical American will not appear.

Mr. Pidgeon's travels, however, led him but little outside the limits of New England and the immediately adjacent parts of New York. There is much that is interesting in his book as to the manufacturing towns in the neighbourhood of Boston and those which lie in the valleys of the Connecticut, Nangaticus, and Housatonic. The spacious, well-aired, well-lighted factories, the order and cleanliness of the operatives, their self-respect and independence, their friendly relations with their employers, their sobriety, and the intelligent interest which they take in matters outside their trade, have been often written of before. In Lowell, according to Mr. Pidgeon, a change greatly for the worse has taken place of late years. The Irish and the French Canadian elements have gained rapidly on the native New England stock; and that union of industrial enterprise with a cultivated social life which formerly struck every visitor from Europe is tending more and more to pass away. It would be safe to predict that other manufacturing towns of New England will be altered in a similar manner. The influx of foreign artisans, the great majority of whom have been brought up on a lower level than the native New Englanders, cannot fail to affect the status of the artisan classes in these cities. A more welcome class of immigrants consists of English-speaking Canadians and Nova Scotians, who are now, to a considerable extent, displacing the Irish as domestic servants in New England. Among the most interesting of Mr. Pidgeon's descriptions is that of "Clockland," the manufacturing district about Waterbury, on the Lower Connecticut. As a specimen of the ingenuity brought to bear on every conceivable subject, the writer mentions the arrangements made for putting out fire. The water, which is derived from neighbouring hills, is carried in pipes to every ceiling in the building, each pipe being furnished with a rose, and also with a plug which melts at a given temperature, thus setting free a stream of water over the fire before it has had time to gain strength. At the same time the melting of the plug sets an alarm-bell ringing. The Waterbury Clock Company, we read, turns out about fifteen hundred clocks a day, which are sold at prices ranging from five shillings upwards. Three years ago a manufactory of cheap watches was begun in the same place. They are made entirely by machinery, are produced at the rate of six hundred a day, and sell for about ten shillings apiece.

Mr. Pidgeon was much struck by the sobriety which prevails in these districts. The majority of the operatives, though not pledged to abstain from alcohol, do so in fact. This is, no doubt, partly to be attributed to the American climate, in which the need of stimulants is far less felt than in England. Liquor, however, is to be had, even in towns where the Maine Law is enforced. Many a traveller who has been unable to get anything stronger than water at his hotel has been led by a well-instructed friend to the little back-parlour at the chemist's shop, where he has tasted as good a glass of wine or whisky as could be wished for. However, in the country parts of New England the general sentiment of the people is in favour of total abstinence. Mr. Pidgeon gives accounts, which may be new to some readers, of the common schools, and of the system of local self-government, in New England; and, on the whole, has treated the miscellaneous subjects with which his book deals in a pleasant and readable fashion. His book abounds in information with regard to several of the leading industries of the districts which he visited, and of the social life which prevails in them. But its range is limited, and what is said of certain small towns in New England must not be taken to apply to the great cities, to the South, or to the West.

#### RECENT MUSIC.

IN the preface to *Progressive Sight Singing* (The London Music Publishing and General Agency Co.) Mr. Robert McHardy, while explaining his method of instruction, gives some excellent advice to the eager aspirant. "Do not," he says, "study any

\* *Old World Questions and New World Answers*. By Daniel Pidgeon, F.G.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1884.

kind of music without a teacher to guide you. Never hurry. If a teacher promises to make you a great musician in a little time, avoid him. True greatness is accomplished progressively." These maxims may to some appear trite; but we can say by experience they are not the less to be insisted on and acted up to if any practical result is to be attained. A teacher who promises impossibilities, hurry of any kind, even through over-eagerness, and a desire to run before he can walk, are rocks upon which many a would-be singer has come to grief. The author of this clever little manual, speaking from experience, is of opinion also that "many who are unable even to sing the scale" will be found by examination, by a teacher "who goes to work properly," to be capable of overcoming the obstacle; and he remarks truly that, even if they do not become great singers, they will be able to understand and enjoy good music when they hear it, a faculty which "is not to be acquired without practical study." The movable "do" system is used in this manual; but it is at the option of the teacher to use any other method in consistence with the staff notation; and a somewhat novel method, which the author assures us has met with complete success, is suggested as ensuring accuracy in the matter of time. Mr. McHardy makes each pupil while singing, whether by himself or in a class, beat time with a short bâton. It might have been better, perhaps, if in some of the exercises the points at which the breath should be taken had been indicated; but these will be easily supplied by an intelligent teacher. We think the little work deserves success.

Of songs from the same publishers we have one of considerable merit entitled "One Day of Roses," by Miss Mary W. Ford, to words by Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, dedicated to Mme. Adelina Patti, and certainly well above the average of modern drawing-room songs; "Over the Stile," by Mr. A. G. Pritchard, a simple and melodious ballad, and "Down Channel," a patriotic song by Mr. S. Claude Ridley, which will be welcome to all those who admire this kind of composition. Herr Eugen Woycke's "Sonate Dramatique" is an ambitious work, and displays a considerable amount of technical musical knowledge. It consists of a "largo assai" of eighteen bars introducing an "allegro ma non troppo" in A Flat, the subject of which, although perhaps not very original, is worked out in a musically and skilful manner; to this succeeds an "Adagio lacrimoso" in E Flat and a spirited "Scherzo," concluding with a "Rondo allegretto," which, if somewhat colourless, is nevertheless not without interest. "Two Album Leaves," by Mr. T. Mee Pattison, are graceful productions for the pianoforte, especially the first, which is a cleverly-handled subject, though perhaps it would have been even more effective had it been more condensed, while "Marche Patriotique," by M. Georg Asch, will be found suitable for a military band; and "Feuille d'amour" Polka, by Mr. Ernest Travers, and "Old London" Polka, by Mr. J. Solomon, are good pieces of dance music.

Messrs. Wood & Co. send us "Sunrise and Sunset," by Mr. Alfred Redhead, to words by the late Miss Mary Mark-Lemon, a pleasing and effective song both as to words and music; "Golden Grain," by Alfred E. Dyer, Mus. Doc., to which is added a violin accompaniment *ad lib.*, greatly enhancing the effect of a very charming ballad, while "Queen Mab's Flower Song," by Mr. W. C. Levey, a graceful "Blumenlied" to English and German words, and "The Maiden by the Sea," by Mr. William Mason, should both find admirers. Mr. J. C. Beazley's collection of Melodies easily arranged for the violin and pianoforte entitled "Pleasing Strains," No. 1 of which is now before us, being "Home, sweet home," will be welcome to amateurs on that instrument; and the same composer's "L'Invitation," a musical picture for the pianoforte, displays considerable taste and much musical knowledge. "The Dream of Love" waltz, by Mr. Eavestaff, will also be found to serve its purpose.

To supply "a want which has long been felt by teachers of class-singing in schools and colleges," Messrs. Morley & Co. have issued a series of "School Songs" in two parts, under the editorship of Mr. Humphrey J. Stark, Mus. Bac., No. 5 of which has been sent to us. A novel feature in these songs is the insertion of marks to indicate the points where the breath should be taken, a detail which is too often lost sight of in most singing classes; and, if the other numbers of the series are as interesting as "The Evening Hour," they will be found to be valuable not only from an educational point of view, but as pretty and artistic part songs adapted for girls' and boys' voices. Messrs. Morley & Co. also send us two songs by Miss Emily Philips, entitled respectively "Whisperings of Spring" and "For Aye," both graceful specimens of the drawing-room ballad class; and "Red and White Roses," by Mrs. Arthur Burton, which, in spite of the disfigurement of its first page by a somewhat aggressive advertisement, is a well-written song, reflecting credit on the composer. Mr. Berthold Tours's song, "The Altar and the Throne," is one of some dramatic power, the effect of which is considerably heightened by a harmonium, violin, and violoncello accompaniment, but is hardly so pleasing as others from the same pen; while "Why not To-day," by Thomas Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., is, like nearly all his songs, a musically piece of work, and worthy of better words. M. Louis Diehl's song, "The Will and the Way," is a pretty setting of an old, old story to such charming music as this popular composer is wont to supply. All these songs are disfigured by the above-mentioned advertisement on the first page. Book No. 12 of Morley's Voluntaries is by Mr. Humphrey

J. Stark, Mus. Bac., and those who know this composer's work will not be surprised to hear that each of the series is an artistic production. Messrs. Conrad Herzog & Co. have forwarded us a pretty valse, by Signor Ciro Fasoli, entitled "L'Etoile d'Amour."

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

A TRANSLATION of French literature is perhaps not precisely French literature, but it comes so much nearer to that than to any other classification that it may be admitted without difficulty into this article. Mr. Van Laun's translation of the immortal *Caractères* (1) deserves one recommendation at least, which may be given heartily and without stint or qualification. It is one of the handsomest books that have recently been issued from any English press or publishing house, tastefully bound, portly without being unwieldy, excellently printed, with well-proportioned margins, and on paper of good colour, texture, and substance. The ornaments—portraits and vignettes—are very pretty in themselves, and are free from the drawback of being taken direct from worn-out plates, which has marred some English published books of the kind. The only fault to be found with them is that they are occasionally in rather remote and loose connexion with the subject. Mr. Van Laun has prefixed a brief introduction and biographical memoir which attempt little but the presentation of fact, and present that fact satisfactorily enough, though a thoroughly adequate critical estimate of La Bruyère is wanting. In passing, we may note that Mr. Van Laun is scarcely right in attributing to La Bruyère much influence over Swift, while his more hesitating and tentative attribution of influence over Steele and Addison (supported, it should be said, by some judicious instances) might with advantage have been made very much more positive. We have ourselves no doubt that the Steele-Addison essay was directly originated by the influence of the author of the *Caractères*. The translation, without being brilliant, is a very fair one, greatly superior to some other work of Mr. Van Laun's in the same kind with which we are acquainted, and the selection of notes is judicious and sufficient. A carper may say that, if a writer like La Bruyère is to be translated at all, some effort ought to be made to render his literary grace. But that could only be done by writers of a class which does not often busy itself about translations of this particular kind, and the present version is, on the whole, readable enough.

It is so short a time since we examined fully M. Perrens' elaborate History of Florence (2) that we can do little more than notice an historical essay of much smaller dimensions, but extending, unlike M. Perrens' work, over the whole course of Florentine history till the middle of the sixteenth century. Speaking generally, we should say that M. de Naeyer's scheme is rather too wide for an essay, and a good deal too narrow for a finished history. He has also the bad habit of putting general references, such as "Ammirato," "Machiavel," at the foot of his page. It cannot be too often repeated that this proceeding is to the last degree objectionable. Otherwise M. de Naeyer seems to have a good faculty of generalizing in politico-historical matter, though, of course, in such a brief notice we do not attempt to warrant or to criticize his opinions or statements on particular points.

M. Philippe Daryl, whose recent volume of sketches on England, though not free from defects, gave considerable signs of ability in a very difficult genre, has not, we think, been well advised in putting his observations of German manners into the form of a novel (3). They amount to little more than the expression in new words of the stock French ideas as to German brutality, martinism, gluttony, priggishness, pedantry, &c. &c. Whether there is not a certain amount of truth at the bottom of these ideas is one question; whether the usual French expression of them is interesting, felicitous, or creditable to Frenchmen is another. Perhaps, however, an English critic ought not to bear hardly on M. Daryl, especially as he makes our country the happy refuge of his persecuted hero and heroine when they have escaped from the land of sauerkraut and tyrannical-immoral lieutenants.

Messrs. Crane and Brun (4), who appear to be teachers in the Cornell University, made no ill choice of the Revolution as a subject on which to group extracts for French reading of a more connected character than the usual reading-book selections. Their notes are good, and they have laid a great number of writers under contribution. It is, however, rather odd to observe that on such a subject only one passage has been taken from Quinet, and, as far as we have been able to perceive, none from Michelet or from M. Taine. Now in point of style (which we suppose reading-books aim at exemplifying) no writer on the subject, save perhaps Louis Blanc, can even approach these three. We do not quite know why Mr. Hunt should call his reading-book "Oxford and Cambridge" (5), except that he himself does not claim member-

(1) *The Characters of La Bruyère*. Translated by Henri Van Laun. London: Nimmo.

(2) *Florence—Etude politique*. Par Léon Verhaeghe de Naeyer. Paris: Dentu.

(3) *Signe Meltree*. Par Philippe Daryl. Paris: Hetzel.

(4) *Tableaux de la révolution française*. By T. F. Crane and S. Brun. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

(5) *The Oxford and Cambridge French Reader*. By Frédéric Hunt. Hereford: Jakeman & Carver. London: Hachette.



ship of either University, and that his book is published at Hereford and London. Nor do we like the system of partial interlinear translation in the First Part. But the book is extremely well printed; and after the First Part there is nothing to object to the method, except that Mr. Hunt, like most of his fellows, is too prodigal of trivial assistance in his notes. His selections are good and varied, neither disdaining well-known pieces nor omitting to furnish pieces which are not well known.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*AN Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall* (Macmillan & Co.) is a title we do not like. It suggests a comparison which is certain to prove particularly odious, and then it turns out on examination to be entirely inaccurate. The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, does, as a matter of fact, drop into a good deal of sentiment in telling the story of her trip through Cornwall, and, what is worse, the sentiment is commonly trite. She stops a great deal too often to observe that life is a queer go and nature a rum start, after the manner of the boots whose wife had had twins, only of course her language is much more ladylike. Of small beer, also, there is more than enough. There is a great deal about a model of a coachman, and a prize coastguardman by the name of John Curgenvin, who, to judge from his portrait, must stand about nine feet odd in his fisherman's boots. It is not, however, likely that all this will interfere with the popularity of the book. There is never any want of readers who appreciate familiar moral reflections, and who like to be cheered by the small beer which does not inebriate. The book is excellently adapted to lie on a drawing-room table. It is large, thin, and copiously illustrated. It will probably be no drawback that Mr. Napier Hemy's drawings, often pretty enough in a commonplace way, are interpreted by very spongy woodcuts.

The popularity of the various tales from this or that classic author published of late years is beginning to produce its inevitable crop of imitations. Mr. C. H. Hanson, who has tried his hand at the work before, now publishes *The Wanderings of Aeneas* (Nelson & Sons). It is a paraphrase of the *Aeneid* in inoffensive prose. But inoffensive prose is not enough to make it interesting. We should have thought that the reader who was most hopelessly in need of leading-strings would have preferred to learn the story of the *Aeneid* directly from a translation. The sixty-two illustrations scattered over the pages of Mr. Hanson's book are mostly thin little outlines, full of somewhat feeble imitations of Flaxman. The figure of Aeneas on p. 50 praying in the storm may be commended as comic. His hair is on end, and his helmet tumbling off in a delightfully undignified way.

Mr. S. H. Burke, author of the historical *Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, published a collection of papers on a bewildering variety of subjects. He calls them *Men and Women as they appeared in the Far-off Time* (Burns & Oates); but his first paper is an essay on "Good and Bad Luck," and his last is on "Gothic and Greek Architecture." Between the two he ranges from the manners and customs of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers to the misfortunes of that injured innocent Mary, Queen of Scots. Mr. Burke makes disjointed observations about these things, and quotes everybody, from the Venerable Bede to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, as if they were all of equal authority.

With the best intentions Dr. J. C. Brown has made his little handbook on *Forestry in the Mining Districts of the Ural Mountains* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd) something like a bargain in the Queen Anne sense of the word. There is very little about forestry in it, and a good deal of general talky-talky about Russia, and both at second hand. Dr. Brown is, however, very frank about the sources of his information, and will mislead nobody.

There is, as we know, absolutely nothing like leather, and so Mr. C. Bird says in his *Higher Education in Germany and England* (Kegan Paul). Mr. Bird is a schoolmaster, and he would like to see more schools in this country, and more public organization and encouragement of schooling. His ideal is our old friend the German system. Mr. Bird does not stop to inquire whether the average Englishman is not as intelligent and well educated a man as the average German. There are, however, not a few competent persons who are firmly persuaded that he is even superior in spite of our lamentable inferiority in the Education Department.

*The Conventional Lies of Our Civilization*, from the German of Max Nordau (Chicago: L. Schick), is, says the title-page, "not a book! It is a Deed! and those who oppose it will prove that they fear it." We do not feel called upon to oppose Max Nordau. There is no use in fighting a gentleman who simply keeps on repeating "it is all a lie," and suggests by way of remedy that mankind should suddenly alter its character.

Munshi Ganga Parshad, Retired Deputy Collector, after reflecting on the difficulty of finding anything new to write about in these latter days, has decided on collecting what he calls his "astray thoughts" on Indian Rustic Scenes and Gossips (Shah-jahanpur: Arya Darpan Press). They are thrown into the form of dialogue, and bristle with mysterious names such as only an experienced Indian could possibly understand. The same author publishes at the same press the first set of a series of popular *Scientific Lectures*. In thirty-five pages he discusses "Botany, Zoology, and Mineralogy" in reasonably good Baboo English.

The publishing world is now back from its holiday, and is at

work with all its accustomed venom. Vol. I. of the collected *Short Biographies for the People* (The Religious Tract Society) is a fairly good specimen of the cheap and nasty. *The Jilt; and other Stories* is another volume of the red-bound edition of Charles Reade's works (Chatto & Windus). Among reprints we have to notice a second edition, with dissertations, of *The Evolution of Christianity*, by C. Gill (Williams & Norgate); a second edition of *The Laws and Customs of the Stock Exchange*, by Messrs. Melsheimer and Gardner (Henry Sweet); the "Author's Edition" of *The Lady or the Tiger*, by F. R. Stockton (Edinburgh: David Douglas); the "eleventh thousand" of *The Classics for the Million*, by H. Grey (Griffith & Farran), an admirable example of the literary taste of this generation.

We have received a copy of the *Catalogue of the Library of the Statistical Society* (Edward Stanford).

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 33 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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Grocers' Hall, October, 1884.

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desire to appoint a HEAD-MASTER of the MIDDLE SCHOOL for BOYS at Ipswich, established under a Scheme of the Charity Commissioners dated 29th November, 1841; the Master to take office as soon as the new buildings are completed, which is expected will be by the commencement of the second quarter of 1885. The School, which is a day-school, will accommodate 300 boys. The Master will receive a fixed stipend of £100 a year, and a capitation fee of £1 per boy. He will have at his own expense to provide his own residence.

The appointment will be made, and the office will be held, in all respects subject to the provisions of the Scheme. Copies of the Scheme can be procured from Mr. S. H. Cowell, Stationer, Butler Market, Ipswich, at the price of 1s. each (or 1s. 3d. post free). Applications of candidates, stating full particulars, and testimonials, to be forwarded on or before the 30th day of November next, to the undersigned.

GEORGE J. NOTCUTT, Clerk to the Governors.

Ipswich, 11th October, 1884.

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Security will be required for the due performance of the Contract. Tenders must be endorsed on the outside, "Tender for Ironfounders' Work," and be delivered at this Office before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty, and parties tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely on that day.

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FINANCIAL INFORMATION, JUNE 1, 1881:

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| Total Funds .....   | £3,148,166 |
| Total Annual Income .....                                   | £843,271   |
| Total Amount of Claims upon Death .....                     | £2,875,688 |
| Amount of Profits divided at the last Quinquennial Bonus .. | £437,347   |

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